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The Literary Week.

THE second edition of the late Miss Mary Kingsley's *West African Studies* contains, besides other additional matter, some account of Miss Kingsley herself by her friend Mr. George Macmillan. In this is included a letter she wrote to the native editor of a West African paper, that is, in a sense, her confession of faith. The letter fills three pages of close print. We quote a passage:

Forgive this long ill-written letter. I am writing in the Bay of Biscay, an unrestful place for writing in. I am on my way over to nurse fever cases in South Africa. I may never see West Africa again, but if I do, I hope it will be Liberia. I assure you I shall always feel grateful for the invitation to come there. I know I have been a nuisance. I know I have spoken words in wrath about the educated missionary-made African, and I am glad to hear you will tolerate me, I who admire to get on with the utter Bushman and never sneer or laugh at his native form of religion, a pantheism which I confess is a form of my own religion. I yield to no one in the admiration for Jesus Christ, and I believe in the Divine origin, but the religion His ministers preached I have never been able to believe in.

In honour of the memory of this able woman, and delightful companion, the merchants of Liverpool and Manchester have decided to establish in Liverpool a "Mary Kingsley" hospital for the treatment of tropical diseases. "Others," says Mr. Macmillan, "who know that her careful study of West African problems had aroused in her a passionate desire to promote a better understanding between the native races and the Englishmen who came into relation with them, have decided that no nobler monument could be raised to her memory than an attempt to carry on, as far as may be, this beneficent work." This memorial will take the form of a "Mary Kingsley Society for West Africa," for the systematic study of native customs and institutions.

THE supplemental volumes to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, which will be three in number, will cover the period to the end of the reign of Queen Victoria. A memoir of Her Majesty will be included. Mr. Sidney Lee will write on the Queen, Mr. G. W. Prothero on the late Bishop of London, and Mr. Arthur Sidgwick on Mr. F. W. H. Myers.

THE Tolstoy shelf is the despair of those who have a passion for orderly bookshelves. His works have been published in all forms and sizes, from the orthodox shape of *Anna Karenina* to the flimsy paper-covered parts in which *Resurrection* was first published. We are glad to hear, therefore, that there is now some chance of the issue of a uniform edition of the Russian master's works.

MESSRS. LONGMANS hope to publish this year a posthumous work in two volumes by Mr. F. W. H. Myers. It will be called *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death*.

THE three first volumes of the new edition of Ibsen's Prose Dramas, under the editorship of Mr. William Archer, who has revised, modified, and strengthened the text, are comely. *The League of Youth*, *A Doll's House*, and *Pillars of Society* have been issued, and each volume has as frontispiece a costume portrait of one or more of the actors who took part in the representation. We may also draw attention to an admirable article by Mr. Archer in the *International Monthly* (Vermont, U.S.A.), on "The Real Ibsen." Such nonsense has been written about Ibsen's "message" that it is quite a relief to read so clear, and in our opinion, so sound an analysis of Ibsen's mind and temperament as this passage from Mr. Archer's article:

He is more of a seer than a thinker. He has flashes of intense insight into the foundations of things; but it is none of his business to build up an ordered symmetrical, closely-mortised edifice of thought. Truth is to him many-sided; and he looks at it from this side to-day, from the opposite side to-morrow. The people who seek to construct a "gospel," a consistent body of doctrine, from his works, are spinning ropes of sand. He is "everything by turns and nothing long." He is neither an individualist nor a socialist, neither an aristocrat nor a democrat, neither an optimist nor a pessimist. He is simply a dramatist, looking with piercing eyes at the world of men and women, and translating into poetry this episode and that from the inexhaustible pageant.

It has been suggested that, in his volume of short stories entitled *The Monster*, the late Mr. Stephen Crane was less original than usual, that he was indebted to *Uncle Tom's Cabin* for the idea of the title story, and that "The Blue Hotel" resembles a story by a distinguished compatriot called "Snow-Bound at Eagle's." These suggestions hardly carry conviction, and we are not surprised to learn, from Mrs. Crane, that the stories which are thus criticised were founded on her late husband's personal experiences. Mrs. Crane writes: "'The Blue Hotel' was one of Mr. Crane's own experiences when he went West for the Batchelor Syndicate of New York. . . . *Uncle Tom's Cabin* did not suggest the 'Monster.' Mr. W. D. Howells says: "'The Monster' is the greatest short story ever written by an American.' Henry Johnson was a real man—that is, he was burned horribly about the face; but he was a hero only as he was a horror. Out of the crépe-bound face of a negro whom Mr. Crane saw came the story of the 'Monster.'"

A "LADY READER" complains to a contemporary of the distraction she suffers in the British Museum Reading Room from the coughing and sneezing of a small group of readers. Moreover, she considers that the desks "must be swarming with the microbes of bronchitis, consumption, and other chest diseases." We sympathise, but we fear that a "Lady Reader's" suggestion that the Trustees ought either to provide a special room for those afflicted with bad coughs, or exclude them until they are well, lies outside the practical politics of the Reading Room.

PROF. JEBB'S lecture on Macaulay, delivered at Cambridge and in London, and published by the Cambridge University Press, is a lucid and appreciative estimate of the great historian. Recognising a tendency to exaggeration in Macaulay, Prof. Jebb entirely rejects the charges of wilful dishonesty and habitual inaccuracy often brought against him. It is interesting to have the opinion of so weighty a scholar as Prof. Jebb on the most fascinating history of recent times. Prof. Jebb's verdict is this:

The moral tone which pervades the history is manly and sound. It condones no deed of treachery or cruelty; it has no tolerance for hypocrisy or pretence; it also awards praise without stint to fortitude, to honest effort, to self-sacrifice, wherever they are found. There is no attempt to win a cheap and spurious credit for originality by the poor device of whitewashing bad characters, or of detracting from generally acknowledged merit. A robust judgment, an honest and independent spirit, can be felt throughout the work; it inculcates a respect for civil justice, and it is animated by a generous love of constitutional freedom.

Prof. Jebb's statement that "there is no attempt to win a cheap and spurious credit for originality by detracting from generally acknowledged merit," leaves Macaulay's treatment of William Penn unanswered. Whatever his motive may have been, Macaulay certainly did detract from Penn's "generally acknowledged merit," and stuck to his guns to the last in spite of the exhaustive reply of the Right Hon. William E. Forster, who showed that the Mr. Penne of Macaulay's charges was a George Penne, and a very different person from William Penn, the Quaker founder of Pennsylvania. In an interesting letter to the *Speaker*, Mr. Frederick Andrews, of Ackworth School, puts the final Quaker view:

An ardent admirer of Macaulay as a historian, an orator, and a politician, I cannot but regret this action of his, and associate myself with the sentiment of the poet Whittier, who with this episode in his mind says of "the glorious essayist":

How vainly he laboured to sully with blame
The white bust of Penn, in the niche of his fame!
Self-will is self-wounding—perversity blind:
On himself fell the stain for the Quaker designed.
For the sake of his true-hearted father before him;
For the sake of the dear Quaker mother that bore him;
For the sake of his gifts and the works that outlive him,
And his brave words for freedom we freely forgive him.

THE King's English is rather to seek in the circular which has been issued to the inhabitants of the Epping, Loughton, and Theydon Division of Essex by a candidate for the County Council, whose style has apparently found favour in the district, since he asks for re-election after "eight years' faithful service." He says:

I have always made it my fort to stand upon the platform of truth and justice in the interests of all classes and denominations within my constituency. I have always acted honestly and outspoken concerning every question of interest on your behalf, and indignantly opposed selfish complicity by wealthy representatives working for their own corners.

I know I am a thorn in the side of preremitory conclusion being obtained by hole-and-corner adoption in the interest of proclivitous feudal powers, and the sweating of the honest representation of the people by indirect influences.

If elected, I shall continue in the same old groove and conservatively work in the best interests of all classes.

As the candidate is resolved to "continue in the same old groove," we reserve the advice we might otherwise have tendered to him.

BETWEEN English of this type and English "as she is wrote" by the foreigner there is, of course, a wide

difference. The latter seldom misses a certain pathos. Take the following letter recently received by a City firm:

Cape Coast Castle, Cape Coast,
16th January, 1901.

Messrs. —, Cheapside, London, E.C.

Dear Sirs,—Understanding from the News of papers lately published that your goods are also accountable to those of the mechanical importance in London, I hesitate not for your due consideration to be so good as to me Samples Price List and catalogue, in your firm. In Short I have abundant evidence to prove that I could without hesitation have send you an order for the goods. But that which cause me to hesitate a moment is the colour and the nicety for the goods. Briefly Speaking I mean to say I hope my hopes will not die out ere you send the samples, for other remittance.

Accompanied with the Samples. And do you feel duty inclined to comply with my request, by Sending me the samples—first. It will be my duty Since I am still in the natural world to be in the capacity of making some returns; for the many obligation your goodness or either your kindness will bestow on me.

With my best kind regards,

I remain, Dear Sirs, Yours Respectfully,

B—S—.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a page from the *Blairgowrie Parish Magazine*, in which the growth of the "Rector's Library" is chronicled. Its shelves are filled largely with works which have been presented by authors at the rector's request. Sometimes an author was so far blind to the privilege offered him as to prove contumacious. Contumacious is the rector's word. A few others were (awful pravity!) "both contumacious and splenetic"; and one author, when asked to make a gift of his works to the library, "voiced bile to such an extent that it was thought advisable to publish his letter in the *Times*, to show how ireful an author could become even without protest or provocation." The unwillingness of these authors to unload becomes almost inexplicable when we read that those who have already presented books include (we quote the list as printed):

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 4 Archbishops. | 6 Knights. |
| 19 Bishops. | 1 Companion of the Bath. |
| 8 Deans. | 1 Cabinet Minister. |
| 3 Archdeacons. | 1 American Ambassador. |
| 38 Canons. | 1 Poet Laureate. |
| 8 Prebendaries. | 50 Principals, Fellows, and |
| 113 Rectors, Vicars, &c. | Professors of Colleges, |
| 1 King. | Editors, &c. |
| 1 Prince. | 2 Duchesses. |
| 3 Dukes. | 1 Marchioness. |
| 2 Marquesses. | 2 Countesses. |
| 4 Earls. | 1 Honourable. |
| 3 Barons. | 4 Ladys. |
| 3 Baronets. | 31 Ladies (Mrs. and Miss). |

The most recent giver, not included in the above, is a "Countess-Authoress." We are further told that "the various Countries from out which the books have been drawn, wheedled, or coaxed are Wales, Ireland, Scotland, England, America, Canada, New Zealand, India, France, Germany, East Africa, South Africa, Italy, and the West Indies." Happy Blairgowrie! There is one thing that authors ought to know. It is, that escape from immortality at Blairgowrie is almost impossible when once you have heard from the rector. If you send a book it will be accepted, catalogued, and lovingly cared for by trustees. If you decline, your letter will be copied into the *History of the Rector's Library*.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I have in my possession a translation of Victor Hugo's 'A une Femme,' by a Cork gentleman of considerable literary ability, a copy of which

I now enclose, for it seems to me in some respects superior to the versions printed in the ACADEMY of February 9":

TO A WOMAN

From the French of Victor Hugo.

Were I a King, my empire uncontrolled,
My throne, my sceptre, and my subjects true,
My marble palaces, my crown of gold,
My mighty fleets that Ocean cannot hold,
I'd give for one sweet smile from you!

The waves' domain, bright earth and heaven's high bliss,
Angels and demons, trembling at my nod,
Chaos, eternity, the starr'd abyss,
The spheres and skies, I'd give for but one kiss
Of thine, were I the sovran God!

ANOTHER correspondent offers the following rendering:

TO A WOMAN.

Child, were I King I'd give my monarchy,
Car, sceptre, homage from my people due,
My golden Crown, my baths of porphyry,
My fleets for which too narrow is the sea,
All for one glance from You.

If I were God, earth, air, I'd sacrifice,
Angels and demons under my decree;
The deeps where teeming-bowelled Chaos lies,
Eternity and space, the spheres, the skies,
All for one kiss from Thee.

WHAT strikes us most in Miss Zoë Proctor's admirably compiled *Birthday Book from the Writings of John Oliver Hobbes* (Lane, 3s. 6d. net) is the blending of two wisdoms—the wisdoms of the world and the heart. The following sentences are, we think, fairly typical of the book, which will be very welcome to Mrs. Craigie's readers:

It is only a very unselfish man who cares to be loved; the majority prefer to love—it lays them under fewer obligations.

The secret of managing a man is to let him have his way in little things. He will change his plan of life when he won't change his bootmaker.

Are there many of us, or any of us, nowadays, who feel that there are certain things which we must do, not do, or perish eternally?

If one thinks about it—but one mustn't—it seems a strange thing that mothers, as a race, are ominously silent about the joys of existence.

The truth is only convincing when it is told by an experienced liar.

Poetry—and most of all amateur poetry—stands for pain. Every line of it spells woe. Either the writer, or those living with the writer, could tell a tale.

The art of dying daily is slowly mastered; but once learnt, it becomes an instinct—an unconscious will deciding all our difficulties.

He is never afraid of changing his mind. Many people are called firm, merely because they haven't the moral courage to own their second thoughts.

The merest half-belief in a living God will sustain many souls through adversities and trials of any picturesque or stirring order, but only the most exalted faith can give one the strength to bear in patience the misery of loneliness, the constant fret of uncongenial surroundings, the heavy burden of little woes, which, because they are little and common, are so humiliating.

Death in grotesque circumstances is none the less death, and the martyr to a fool's cause is still a martyr . . . it is the heart that makes the occasion.

What sum is too large to settle on a wife who can adore without asking questions?

It was no slight virtue . . . to have kept . . . after a life of sham passions and passionate shams—that inde-

finable Eve-like pathos which from the beginning conquered—and until the end will conquer—the rigour of strict criticism.

Busy men should not marry pretty wives.

Faust called in all hell in order to ruin one simple girl, and she, by her prayers to Heaven, saved his soul! . . . Love will get the better of the devil every time. . . . Love is the supreme power.

It is unnecessary to add that a great many of these Birthday Book sentences are taken from the lips of characters, and must be read with some reference to, or recollection of, their origin.

MR. ANDREW LANG is always interesting and impressive when he draws the portrait of a departed friend. In the March *Longman's* he writes thus of the late Bishop of London:

Of the Churchman I am not able to speak, but may bear a word of witness to the kind and constant friend, in whose company, for thirty years, I have had so much pleasure, never touched by an unkind word or look. His humour was as inexhaustible as his energy; his lifelong burden of heavy work, as a scholar, a teacher, a parish clergyman, a professor, and a bishop, he wore "lightly as a flower." Were it fitting, now and here, an anecdote could be told of his personal courage in endeavouring to save life, in circumstances very unusual and trying. His later duties, which to anyone else would have been most wearing, prevented him from completing his natural work as an historian, of which his book on Queen Elizabeth is the most easily accessible, and perhaps most useful and entertaining. . . . Imperishable youthfulness, swiftness, and keenness characterised his intellect.

THE *Anglo-Russian* gives an amusing account of the vagaries of a Russian press censor named Krassovsky, who, in the reign of Nicholas I., was the bugbear of poets. He not only blacked out all that he did not approve, but he often favoured the poet with criticism. A poet named Olline wrote the following verses, and was rewarded with the following criticisms by the censor:

What bliss to live with Thee, to call Thee mine,
My love! Thou Pearl of all creation!
To catch upon Thy lips a smile divine,
Or gaze at Thee in rapturous adoration.

CENSOR: "Rather strongly put. Woman is not worthy for her smile to be called divine."

Surrounded by a crowd of foes and spies,
When so-called friends would make us part,
Thou didst not listen to their slanderous lies
But Thou didst understand the longings of my heart.

CENSOR: "You ought to have stated the exact nature of these longings. It is no matter to be trifled with, Sir, you are talking of your soul."

Let envy hurl her poisoned shafts at me,
Let hatred persecute and curse,
Sweet girl, one loving look from Thee
Is worth the suffrage of the Universe.

CENSOR: "Indeed?! You forget that the Universe contains Tears, Kings and other legal authorities whose good will is well worth cultivating—I should think!"

Come, let us fly to desert distant parts,
Far from the madding crowd to rest at last,
True happiness to find when our (two) hearts
Together beat forgetful of the past.

CENSOR: "The thoughts here expressed are dangerous in the extreme, and ought not to be disseminated, for they evidently mean that the poet declines to continue his service to the Tsar, so as to be able to spend all his time with his beloved."

MR. E. V. LUCAS writes very pleasantly in the *New Liberal Review* on "Fighting Against Odds." He likes a good fight in a good story, and is not indifferent to it in a bad story. For illustrations of what has, and can be, done

in this kind, Mr. Lucas draws on the Bible, Homer, Dumas, and the Sagas. "An adventurous romance," he says,

without a strong man, a hero of Herculean grit, may be entrancing, even exciting, but it is not ideal. The psychological novel, the satire, the short story and the novel of manners may traffic in anæmia as they will; but the perfect romance must have muscle, must tell of at least one man of might; or, as Dumas in his handsome way used to have it, of iron:—D'Artagnan is "this man of iron"; Chicot, the superb Chicot, has "a wrist of steel." One might go further and say no story with a credible strong man in it can be altogether a failure. A paltry mind cannot invent a strong man. Even the strong man of the Penny Dreadful, machine-made and impossible though he be, predicates right instincts in his inventor. It is, perhaps, too much to say that one wants to read the story, any more than one wants to read all the romances deriving from Dumas *vid* Stevenson and Mr. Haggard; but had one the power of life and death, as every serious reader must now and again wish he had, one would be lenient with the muscular school.

A REVIVAL of the short essay is not exactly the most probable of developments, though by many of us it would be welcomed. In the meanwhile some of the old essayists are, perhaps, too much neglected. A collection of Scottish writers, from the Earl of Sterling to Stevenson, ought not to be thought a superfluity; and it has been undertaken by Mr. Oliver Smeaton. Essayists like Hume, Lord Hails, Christopher North, Hugh Miller, and Dr. John Brown, with others, will be represented in the volume, which will be issued by Mr. Walter Scott.

A "MEMORIAL number" of the *Argosy* is devoted to an account of the reign of Queen Victoria. The number is admirably and profusely illustrated, and much editorial care has gone to the preparation of this comely and interesting record.

Bibliographical.

As a bibliographer, I am naturally pleased to find that the taste and feeling for bibliography is spreading. The publishers of the "Great Writers" series did a good deal for the art, or science, or pursuit (shall I call it?), when they arranged that each volume of the series should comprise a bibliography from the careful pen of Mr. J. P. Anderson. More recently the authoress of a biographical and critical study of Richardson was good enough to append a bibliography of that writer to her narrative-criticism. It was, however, meagre in detail—as meagre as the similar features in the recent books on Mr. Bret Harte (by Mr. Pemberton) and Mr. Swinburne (by Mr. Wratislaw). I notice, too, that Mr. Baildon has compiled a bibliography, so-called, of R. L. Stevenson, for the volume about that writer which he has just issued. What he has supplied is very much better than nothing, but, like so many of its predecessors, it does not go sufficiently into particulars. Thus, Mr. Baildon tells us that "the four plays, 'Deacon Brodie,' 'Macaire,' 'Admiral Guinea,' and 'Beau Austin' were published in 1897." Now, as a matter of fact, the volume containing these four plays appeared in February 1896. But Mr. Baildon might have noted that three of the four ("Brodie," "Guinea," and "Austin") had figured together in volume form in 1892; and he might have added that all four plays have likewise been published separately (between 1896 and 1898). Those are precisely the sort of details that the bibliographer loves.

A complete and uniform translation into English of Tolstoy's writings, such as we are told to expect "anon," will necessarily be welcome to our reading public. Probably most, if not all, that the great Russian has written has appeared in English, but in all sorts of shapes, at all sorts of prices, and under all sorts of auspices. In the

eighties a good many American versions had circulation in this country—Vizetelly and Walter Scott being, I think, the only English publishers who saw their way to the popularisation of Tolstoy in those days. The former issued an edition of *Anna Karenina* and also of *War and Peace* in 1886; the latter distinguished himself by issuing, in 1888-9, a set of Tolstoy's in seventeen cheap volumes. Scott, Limited, have continued to take a considerable interest in Tolstoy, who has also approved himself to Mr. Heinemann, the publisher of versions of *Work While Ye Have Light*, *The Fruits of Enlightenment*, and *The Kingdom of God is Within You*. In my humble opinion, not all that Tolstoy has produced is equally worthy of perpetuation; but, edited with judgment, such a uniform edition as that of which report speaks would be an agreeable addition to our libraries.

One is glad to see that *Ralph Roister Doister* is to be issued as a unit of the "Temple Dramatists," although it was included by Mr. Arber in 1869 among his "English Reprints," and is presumably still obtainable in that form. An edition of it appeared in 1821; it was edited by W. D. Cooper, with an introduction, in 1847; and it is to be found, of course, in Hazlitt's *Dodsley*. The new editors will no doubt busy themselves, as their predecessors have had to do, with the difficult and unsettled question of the date at which the comedy was written. It was long claimed by Eton that the play had been penned by Udall for performance by the boys there during his head-mastership of the school. Recent researches, however, point to 1552 or 1553 as the year in which Udall wrote his work, in which case, as Dr. Ward remarks, there is every likelihood that it was written for performance at Westminster School, the scene of Udall's second head-mastership.

Is it really true that we are to have a *Brontë Dictionary*, setting forth all the characters and localities described by the three sisters in their prose fictions? Surely the force of heroine-worship could no farther go? One could understand, and to a certain extent approve, the compilation of a *Dickens Dictionary*, which many have found useful as well as entertaining. A Thackeray Dictionary and a Walter Scott Dictionary would not be unacceptable; in fact, such guides to the creations of great authors who have been at once very productive and fertile in the invention of characters would always be tolerable and to be endured. But a chart to take us over the little "potato-patch" of the sisters Brontë—surely that is not needed?

Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves, who has just been delivered of a sonnet on the German Emperor, is one of the most modest, if not absolutely the most modest, of our minor bards. A stray lyric of his meets the eye occasionally, and that is about all. In book form his original work is rarely found. The latest edition of his *Irish Songs and Ballads* dates back, I think, to 1882; after that (in 1884) came a collection of *Songs of Irish Wit and Humour*; next, a booklet called *Father O'Flynn, and Other Irish Lyrics* (1889); and, finally, so far, an *Irish Song Book* (1894-5). Some day a gathering together of his best lyric performances will be indispensable to the happiness of verse lovers.

It is quite like old times to find *Her Majesty's Tower* staring us in the face on the bookstalls. There were days when William Hepworth Dixon was a power in the literary land, turning out book after book, each vying with the others in popularity at Mudie's. We all remember the to-do over *Spiritual Wives*. *Her Majesty's Tower*, which came out in 1869-71, was of a class of work which Dixon did excellently well—a class to which he also contributed *Royal Windsor*. That, by the way, would seem to be ripe for reproduction.

One of our publishing firms has for a long time been issuing a series of volumes called "The Story of the Nations." Now another firm announces a forthcoming series which is to be entitled "The Great Peoples." There's originality for you!

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Japan at Play.

Japanese Plays and Playfellows. By Osman Edwards.
(Heinemann. 10s. 6d.)

DESCRIPTIONS of Japan are passing from the general to the particular, but the change is slow, and cannot wisely be accelerated. What has the Englishman really learned—from books—of these bright islands “east of the sun, west of the moon”? We make great war-ships and guns for the Mikado, and his almond-eyed sailors come and take them away. But whither? What co-ordinated picture have we of the Mikado's realm? We think of miles of cherry blossom, exquisite postures, the tea-house, the geisha, the rollicking rickshaw, the strange temples, the shuddering masks, the sails of innumerable junks on sapphire seas, and Fujiyama, queen of mountains, behind all. It is a kind of beautiful nightmare. And when we have catalogued the everyday and comprehensible sight of Japan, how much remains hid or half-hid; what a world of beautiful superstition and folk-lore, of strange ethics, difficult symbolisms, and what not, still curtain off Japan from our sight and understanding. Yet, as we have said, books written about Japan tend to speciality. A few years ago general descriptions were more rife; and it is but two years since Mrs. Hugh Fraser's book, *A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan*, admirably supplied the simpler need. Now, books dealing exclusively with separate phases of Japanese life begin to multiply, and it is a sign of the times that in a six months' visit Mr. Osman Edwards devoted himself chiefly to the study of the Japanese theatre. Chiefly, but not exclusively; and we are not sure but we shall find it hard to dwell on this element in his very interesting work. The intricate, multi-coloured whole of Japanese life fills the eye, and has power to defeat almost any attempt to fix our gaze on a part. One does not traverse the first chapter without being held by Mr. Edwards's account of the Japanese Press. More than a thousand newspapers minister to the curiosity of the gossip-loving Japanese, and the Press laws grow daily less stringent. A little while ago an American writer made some tabulations of American newspapers in order to show their relative depth of “yellowness.” But the yellowest of American newspapers would look chalky beside those journals which hit the popular taste in the land of the cherry-blossom. Libel is the mainstay of these prosperous organs, and what this means Mr. Edwards sufficiently indicates when he asks: “What would be thought of a London newspaper which should record so minutely the movements of a visiting prince as to chronicle the names of professional beauties visited by him, as well as the price paid for their transitory favours?” This by the way. And yet the turning of a few pages brings this yellow journalism, beloved of the masses, into weird contrast with the archaic Nō Dance, instinct with the high and holy things of mediæval Japan, which still delights the upper classes in their drawing-rooms. As Mr. Edwards points out, the Nō Dance is an instance of wisely arrested growth. It is comparable to our old English Miracle Play in naïve didactic intention, though far surpassing it in refinement and taste. Yet the Nō Dance holds a cultured audience of to-day in thrall, while a thousand newspapers are disseminating news, views, and scandal. A description of one incident in a Nō play will suffice to indicate the character of these strange spectral dramas. The Devil of Jealousy appears, wearing a frightful mask, and a mountain priest is summoned to exorcise the intruder:

Inch by inch the priest falls back, as the grinning demon with gilt horns and pointed ears slowly unveiled from a shroudlike hood glides forward to smite him with menacing crutch. To and fro the battle rages . . . ; neither holy man nor devil will give way; the screaming

and shrill piping of the musicians rise to frenzied pitch; adjuration succeeds adjuration, until the evil spirit is finally driven away. Nothing can exceed the realism of this scene, so masterfully played that the hardest agnostic must be indeed fancy-proof if he cannot feel something of the awe inspired into believers by this terrific duel. Moreover, this is exactly the sort of incident which exhibits to the full extent of their potency the peculiar characteristics of Nō drama. What human face, however disguised and distorted, could rival the malignant horror of a Japanese mask? What mincing and gibing Mephistopheles could compare for a moment with the devilish ingenuity and suspense of this posture-pantomime, with its endless feints and threats and sallies and retreats? And how the anguish of battle is enhanced by the “barbaric yawp” and sharp, intermittent drum-taps, which excite without distracting the spell-bound audience! So abrupt and discreet is the interjected cry of the immobile musicians that one might easily take it for the defiant or hortative outburst of an invisible spirit attracted to the ghastly combat. Indeed, all that is wild and primitive in these *enfants sauvages* of Melpomene is chastened into harmony by the innate sobriety of Japanese art. The creative instinct works within small limits by small means, but with these means it contrives to project on its tiny stage a vital suggestion of the largest issues. The gods become marionettes for an hour, without wholly losing their godhead.

Of Japanese popular plays, Mr. Edwards gives a very interesting account. It is curious that the national drama took its rise at about the same time as our own. In 1575 a runaway priestess, named Okuni, gave her first theatrical performance at Kyōtō. In the following year the “Earl of Leicester's servants” were installed in their theatre at Blackfriars. But whereas our drama rushed into fullest bloom and gave us Shakespeare, Japan had to wait about fifty years for Chikamatsu and his fifty five-act dramas. These, strange to say, were written for marionettes, and to this day many actors retain the jerky motions of the dolls, on which their art was formerly modelled. In the popular, as in the religious, drama there has been arrested development, but whereas in the religious drama this has resulted in the preservation of a very beautiful form of entertainment, here the advantage is less apparent. Except in stage-craft, there has been no advance since the eighteenth century. “No development in construction and character-drawing, as we understand those terms, no change in the peculiar ethical and feudal teachings of the Yedo period, has supervened. Enter a Tōkyō theatre to-day and you will find yourself in old Japan, among resplendent monsters, whose actions violate our moral sense, yet exhibit a high and stern morality by no means out-modelled through the advent of modern ideas.” Instruction has always been an essential aim of the popular drama, which is deeply and irrevocably coloured by Japanese ideas and ethics. The Shakespearean drama has begun to interest Japanese actors and playwrights, but its presentation in Japan is declared “impossible.” To a Japanese audience the free talk of Rosalind and Beatrice, and even the masquerading of Portia in cap and gown, would be repellent. And as for the “Merry Wives of Windsor,” Mr. Edwards pithily indicates its probable reception by an anticipation of the criticism of the “Tōkyō counterpart of Mr. Clement Scott,” who, he thinks, would deliver himself something as follows:

This disgusting representation of the most loathsome of all Shakespeare's plays was unutterably offensive. So foul a concoction ought never to have been allowed to disgrace the boards of a Japanese theatre. The lewd maunderings of Sir John Falstaff; the licentious jesting of Mistress Ford, Mistress Page, and Mistress Quickly, must excite reprobation in all but those lovers of prurience and dabbles in impropriety who are eager to gratify their illicit tastes under the pretence of art. Ninety-seven per cent. of the people who laughed to see the fat knight smothered in a basket of dirty linen are nasty-minded people. Outside a silly clique, there is not the slightest interest in the Elizabethan humbug or all his works.

As a rule, the only things that fascinate the tourist in a Japanese play are the quaintness of the stage arrangements and the weird unintelligibility of the acting. The stage is enormous, and the actors reach it by walking through the audience on two platforms extending from the back of the auditorium to the footlights. Properties are removed during the performance by attendants in black cloaks who are supposed to be invisible. As a rule, two long plays are presented consecutively, with a tableau between, and the performances begin at ten in the morning. You leave your shoes at one of the many tea-houses round the theatre, and enter your box to find it supplied with a tobacco-box, tea, and cakes, with luncheon to come. The voices on the stage at once strike you as hard and artificial, and either too shrill or too gruff. But the reason is plain. "The traditional *samisen*, a three-stringed guitar, follows the performer like a curse from start to finish. Unless he pitched his voice above or below its notes, he could not be heard." There is no doubt of the effect on the audience. Especially do the wonderful facial expressions of the actors work upon the women. A rush to the "Tear Room" during a pathetic passage is quite common. There the susceptible playgoer may weep her heart out in comfort. As men and women are not allowed to appear on the same stage the female parts are taken by men; on the other hand, at some theatres, where the performers are all women, you may see male parts sustained by actresses. This is only one among the many conventions and restrictions which hamper the drama in Japan. Another is the extraordinary ascendancy of the actor over the author. A successful actor is the darling of the people, purses are thrown at his feet as he walks toward the stage, and love-letters are sent to his dressing-room, for "the Japanese *matinée* girl is very susceptible." He may make £5,000 in four weeks. The author is only one member of a kind of committee which devises the play, and his remuneration in trumpery.

When he comes to the music-hall songs of Japan, Mr. Edwards opens up the very interesting subject of "non-literary poetry." His contention is that what we recognise as real poetry often owes its position to extrinsic ornament, to tricks of rhetoric, and conventions of sentiment to which we have been won over; whereas, he thinks, there is often more real poetry (not literature) in verse which, though condemned as vulgar, goes to the heart and raises real emotion about real things, as distinct from secondary emotion about unreal things. Mr. Edwards's sufficiently daring illustrations are these:

Tennyson tells an Arthurian story, or wishes to, and his listeners are so charmed by the irrelevant embroidery of sound and simile that they do not perceive that what they obediently consider a naïf barbarian, the hero, is really a Broad Church country-parson in fancy dress. Mr. Swinburne writes an Athenian play, or intends to, and his readers are so ravished by the splendour of intrusive rhetoric that they are in no mood to distinguish between archaic piety and nineteenth-century free thought. Thus the modern crowns his Muse with paper roses, cleverly manufactured, while the true flower blushes, undisturbed, or fades in humbler keeping.

In what keeping, then? Mr. Edwards instances Mr. Albert Chevalier's song of life-long love between husband and wife:

We've been together naow for forty year,
And it don't seem a dy too much;
There ain't a lydy livin' in the land
As I'd swop for my dear old Dutch.

Or, again, Yvette Guilbert's rendering of a prostitute's remorse as she recalls her young innocence "is more intense, because less diffusely obtained, than by Victor Hugo in the case of Fantine."

With the foreigner's freshness of feeling and freedom of ear, Mr. Edwards comes to the Dodoitsu of the Japanese masses, which he declares is not so inferior to the aristo-

cratic and infinitely elaborated Tanka or Haikai as is often assumed. In length it is intermediate, the Tanka containing thirty-one syllables, the Haikai seventeen, while the Dodoitsu has twenty-six. We need not remind the reader that brevity is the soul of Japanese poetry. Here is a Dodoitsu:

Nushi to neru toki
Makura ga iranu
Tagai-chigai no
Ote makura.

Mr. Edwards gives the nearest English equivalent, thus:

PILLOW SONG.

Sleeping beside thee
No need of pillow;
Thine arm and mine—arm
Pillows are they.

Plebeian sentiment and everyday emotion run into thousands of such moulds, the degree of literary merit varying from nil to such prettiness as we find in this Dodoitsu:

REFLECTION.

Far from each other
Yearning for union
Good, were our faces
Glassed in the moon!

The Dodoitsu is nearly always a simple statement of a fact, a situation, a preference, usually without simile or metaphor. But when similes are used they are often as startlingly modern as those of the Tanka are rigidly archaic. Thus a lover expresses his despair in the lines:

Borne in no road-car,
Endless the railway
How shall poor I reach
Station at last?

—meaning that his love is life-long, and will last till he reaches the terminus of the tomb.

We have dwelt on those of Mr. Edwards's chapters on which he has himself laid most stress. His book is a valuable, a fascinating contribution to the popular knowledge of Japan; and its coloured illustrations by Japanese artists lend much distinction to its pages.

Theocritus.

The Idylls of Theocritus. Translated into English Verse by James Henry Hallard. (Rivingtons. 5s. net.)

THIS is a revised and corrected edition of the book which Mr. Hallard published some six years ago. It well deserves a reissue, for, on the whole, we take it to be the best metrical version of Theocritus that there is. It is very good indeed from every point of view: above all, it has the prime merit in a verse translation that it reads like good English verse. Mr. Hallard lays special stress in his preface on the pains which he has taken with his metre, and it certainly justifies his care. The hexameters, in particular, are the best English hexameters we have seen; and this for the precise reason he assigns—the attention he has paid to quantity. There are none of those pebbly syllables which trouble the current of other English hexameters, even the best. If the hexameter is to be used in English (and it is always alien, neither Greek nor English, for it is absurd to think it represents the classic quantitative hexameter) then this is the best, doubtless, that can be done with it. Mr. Hallard's style is excellent, and recognises the thoroughly literary and artistic style of Theocritus himself, which (as he truly says) is not represented by the rusticities of Allan Ramsay. It is a translation which one can read with pleasure, as one reads an original; and the translations of which that can be said might be counted on the fingers.

Theocritus is not merely a great poet, he is a source, an ancestor; a whole species of poetry descends from him—the pastoral. His is a beloved figure—perhaps the sweetest name and fame in the stern literature of antiquity. To name him is to call up some such picture as Mrs. Browning's:

Theocritus, with glittering locks
Dropped sideways, as betwixt the rocks
He watched the visionary flocks.

"Visionary"—yes, it is true, they were visionary; he was a poetic pretender after all, whose babble of shepherds and fields was written in polished Alexandria, as Thomson saw his sunrises in bed. Nothing could be false than to regard him as a kind of Greek Wordsworth, whose songs breathe the rustic atmosphere he lived amidst and loved. It was a convention, this pastoral form: its author dwelt in the courts of kings, and had a right reverence for the brodered shoe of Ptolemy. Yet the convention was based on nature. Theocritus must have studied to some extent and with some intimacy the life he represents; perhaps like Virgil, in the earlier days before he became a courtly favourite. Virgil we know was a countryman, yet his pastorals never convince us of the country. Classicism, according to the eighteenth century conception, lay in generalising everything; and Virgil's pastorals are classic in this fashion. His shepherds have the air of belonging to a stage country, which might be set down anywhere. They would be just as probable—or improbable—in Windsor forest. But not so Theocritus. You look through his eyes, and see a landscape with figures which make you cry, "Ah! *this* I have not seen before!" It is individualised. Yet his object is not description; the individualising touches are only accessory, but they are the right ones. His eye for what vitalises a scene comes out in the smallest things. His shepherds, like Virgil's, call an arbiter to judge their singing-contest; the shepherd with the white-faced dog leaping among his flock. Virgil, if he thought of the dog, would have forgotten its bounds among the sheep, and above all would never have noticed that it was white-faced. It is that which gives you *the* dog, instead of *a* dog; and it is such touches which put life in Theocritus' background.

You know that country of his. It was "betwixt the rocks" that he watched his "visionary flocks"; for it was a rocky country, bordering the sea-shore, with pastures spreading inland, one fancies. The sound of the sea is seldom long absent from these pastorals, and he is as ready to sing of fishermen as of shepherds—nay, his fishermen have a whole pastoral to themselves. The frequent contrasts between the home of the field and the home of the rock show how contiguous were the two in the mind of the poet. His shepherds often live in caves, like Polyphemus, to whom two charming pastorals are devoted. One does not wonder he was a favourite with Theocritus; for by his love for the sea-nymph Galatea he seems to gather up in his own person the rocks, the pastures, and the sea.

The peasants of Theocritus, too, are thinkable beings, with passions single, primitive, and unrestrained. Love turns quickly to hatred or despair; and then the woman tries sorcery, and dreams of poison—for her lover, not herself. The girls are quite ready to make the first advances, by pelting the chosen shepherd with fruit, or other rustic hints. The formula of the poems varies little, but the fresh and sweet accessories keep monotony aloof. Sometimes, but not often, Theocritus indulges in set description. There is one famous instance, which Mr. Hallard has translated so well that we must quote it. It is the account of the *symposium* at the house of Phrasidemus:

There we rejoicing
Laid us deep on a couch of fragrant rushes and vine-leaves.
Poplars and rustling elms waved o'er us; a Sacred fountain
Babbling and murmuring gushed from a grot of the
nymphs hard by us;

Sunburnt merry cicadas aloft on the shadowy branches
Shrilled their ceaseless song, and afar in the bushes of
bramble
Softly the tree-frogs chirped, and the crested larks and the
finches
Sang, and the turtle moaned, and around those plashing
waters
Darted golden bees; all things smelt richly of Summer,
Richly of Autumn; pears and apples in bountiful plenty
Rolled at our feet and sides, and down on the meadow
around us
Plum-trees bent their trailing boughs thick-laden with
damsons.
Then from the wine-jar's mouth was a four-year-old seal
loosened.

This shows Mr. Hallard at his best, and also exhibits his skill in handling the English hexameter. But it is seldom Theocritus elaborates his touches in this way. He is a master of suggestion, and has never been excelled in the art of miniature; his dramatic sense, too, is admirable; but the poem which exhibits all these qualities in the most perfect way is not a pastoral at all, it is an idyll of the city. All Theocriteans know it, and many poets have attempted its translation. Of all these efforts Mr. Hallard's seems to us the best, and so very good that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting from it at some length. It is simply the dialogue of two women who go to the Adonis festival in Alexandria, which Ptolemy is celebrating with unusual splendour in his palace hall; but it bridges the ages in the most vivid way, and that Alexandrian festival becomes modern to us. It is a Greek Anstey, giving us a poetic *Voces Populi*. Note the art with which the *milieu* is indicated. As for the women, we know these good ladies; they are immortal as sex, and may be seen and heard at every London gathering.

GORG0: How out of breath I am! I hardly got
To your house alive out of the dreadful crowd
Of carriages and people. Soldiers' boots
And cloaks here, there, and everywhere—I thought
The way would never end. Your house, my dear,
Is really much too far away from ours.

PRAXINOË: My madcap husband's fault. He came and
took

At world's end here a beast's hole, not a house,
Merely to keep us apart, the jealous wretch!
And all for spite as usual.

GORG0: Hush, my dear!
Don't rail at Dinon so before the child.
Look, woman, how he eyes you. Never mind,
Zopyrion, dear, sweet boy, it's not papa
That mother talks of.

PRAXINOË: By our Lady Goddess,
The baby understands us!

GORG0: But come, put on your mantle and your gown,
And let's be off to Ptolemy's palace-hall
To see the "Adonis." It is said the queen
Is planning something splendid.

GORG0: Oh, Praxinoë, dear,
Look at that dreadful crush about the doors!

PRAXINOË: Oh, terrible! Gorgo, dear, give me your
hand,

And, Eunoë, you take Eutycheis', and mind her—
No straggling—let us all get in together!

Oh, Eunoë, Eunoë, do stick fast to us!
Alack, now there's my mantle torn! O Sir,

As you would hope for happiness, mind my cloak!
STRANGER: I scarcely can, but I will do my best

PRAXINOË: Oh, what a crowd! They push like pigs.

STRANGER: Cheer up,
Dear madam, all's well now.

PRAXINOË: Oh, thanks indeed!
May all be well for ever and a day
With you, dear Sir, for shielding us!—What a good
Kind man!—Oh, there's poor Eunoë getting crushed!
Push, silly, push! That's right! "Now all are in,"
As cries the groomsman when he locks the door.

GORG0: Oh, come and look first at these broderies,
Subtle and lovely as the work of gods!

PRAXINOË: I wonder who the weaving-women were,
And who the draughtsmen that so deftly drew
These pictures! How like life they stand or move!
People, not pictures! Wonderful is man!
And there Adonis lies so fair to see
Upon his silver couch, youth's early down
Upon his tender cheek, the thrice-beloved,
Dead both to us and those that dwell below!

ANOTHER STRANGER: A plague upon your endless
pigeon-prattle!

They'll kill a body with their Dorian brogue.

GORG: Whence did this fellow come? What's that to
you,

If we are prattlers? Lord it o'er the slaves
That you have paid for! Bully us, forsooth!

Ladies of Syracuse, who came of old

From Corinth, like Bellerophon—mark that—

And talk like people in the Peloponnese!

Since when may Dorians not talk Dorian, pray?

The range of the idylls, it will be seen, is really considerable. Another describes a boxing match. Sidelights slant continually on the intimate life of that old Græcised Egypt. You hear of their banquets in humble life, where snails and truffles form the delicacies—a *menu* that might find favour in France. And over all is the lovely grace of an artful simplicity, the uncapturable something which is Theocritus. It is the best compliment to Mr. Hallard that a suggestion of this has been retained in his version.

One of Last Year's Sieges.

The Siege of Kumassi. By Lady Hodgson. Illustrated.
(Pearson. 21s.)

In her preface Lady Hodgson remarks: "It is possible that some may think that here and there I have expressed opinions which are too candid." We suggest that it would have been better if some of Lady Hodgson's candid opinions had not been expressed at all; for example, the implication on pages 282 and 283 that the relief force might have accomplished its object sooner. "It seems strange," says Lady Hodgson, "that operations were not hurried on." And she asks: "Why was there so long a halt on the part of the column at Prashu, which is certainly not the most pleasant of places to spend a fortnight at?" There is no reason why the wives of besieged Governors should not write books about the perils they have passed, but they should not don the cloak of "our military expert." We want from them vivid, yet simple, descriptions of what they saw, not vague criticism of methods and events which did not come under their notice. Lady Hodgson, on her own confession, knew nothing about the Relief Force, or Colonel Willcocks's plans. But the world knows that Colonel Willcocks telegraphed from Fumsu, on July 4, that the rations of the garrison at Kumassi would last till July 15, adding: "I will personally relieve Kumassi on July 15." And he did. These being the facts, the implication that the Relief Force was lazy, and not sufficiently alive to the importance of their task, comes with ill-grace from the wife of the ex-Governor, speaking entirely without inside knowledge. Sir Frederick Hodgson's attitude was impersonal. Like the Sphinx he said nothing. Lady Hodgson suggests that the delay of the Relief Force was "due to waiting for a gun, but," she adds, naively, "I am not sure of the authenticity of this statement, for my husband would never talk to me about important official matters, nor would he satisfy my natural curiosity." Such reticence is commendable on the part of Governors whose wives write books.

Lady Hodgson naturally takes her husband's side in regard to the gold stool speech. "It is absolutely untrue," she says, "that the Governor demanded the delivery of the golden stool, and insolently claimed to be regarded as

the king paramount of Ashanti." He demanded it for the Queen, we are told; and with a reference to the "calumnious correspondent" who recorded the speech the incident which "has been made the subject of misrepresentation in the Press" is dismissed.

On the whole, and with the help of Reuter's correspondent, whose report of the raising of the siege and the vicissitudes of the Relief Force are deftly sandwiched into the narrative, Lady Hodgson has given us a readable account of the thrilling episodes that preceded and followed the siege of Kumassi, one of the five sieges that marked the year 1900. It is a compact little story of suffering, pluck, and success, "in the worst climate in the world." Twelve days' journey from Accra stands Kumassi of many memories. Thither on March 13 of last year went Sir F. Hodgson, Lady Hodgson, with their retinue of hammock-bearers, &c., little dreaming of trouble. But trouble met them at Kumassi, in the shape of tribal disputes between petty kings. Who should be the King Paramount, and sit upon the golden stool? The Governor was called upon to adjudicate; but dissatisfaction was in the air, and soon certain tribes had risen, and Kumassi, like Ladysmith, Kimberley, Mafeking, and Pekin, was in a state of siege. They made sorties, they beat off attacks, they fought battles, till the joyful day when the Lagos Hausas arrived, but without food or ammunition. That meant that there were two hundred and fifty additional mouths to feed. On May 15 news came that large loads of food were being brought in. This was followed by the arrival of Major Morris with his troops from the northern territories; but, alas! the food turned out to be much less in quantity than the garrison hoped. Starvation threatened them; "leaves from the trees, grass, anything that was thought eatable, was eagerly sought for, and converted into food; all around us people were dying." As time went on, they ceased to talk of the relieving column, but of their own "march out." The "march out" took place on June 23. Necessity drove them away, for if they had all remained there would have been but three days' rations. So on June 23 the Governor, Lady Hodgson, with 600 native soldiers, under the command of Major Morris, started forth on what looked like a forlorn hope to reach the coast. They fought their way, suffered great hardships, and, finally, reached Accra on July 12.

The little garrison left at Kumassi under Captain Bishop had provisions for twenty-three days. "You are safe for that period," were the Governor's last words, "but we are going to die to-day"—a prophecy that, happily, was not fulfilled. The day after the Governor's column left three of the garrison died, and death visited them daily. On the tenth morning they gave up all hope of being relieved, but the officers "kept up an appearance for the sake of the men":

All were worn to skin and bone, but there were a few who, to relieve their hunger, had been eating poisonous herbs, which caused great swellings over the body. At last the rations consisted of a cup of linseed meal and a block of tinned meat about two inches square. Occasionally some native women would come outside the fort and offer, at ridiculous prices, certain articles of food. These were greedily purchased, and many would have readily given three times the price asked. A piece of coco, usually costing the fraction of a penny, realised fifteen shillings, and bananas fetched eighteen-pence each. I paid fifteen shillings for a tiny pine-apple.

The news—and they had no means of knowing whether it was true or false—that filtered through to them was of the worst—that the Governor's column had been cut off, and that the Ashantis had a white man's head in their camp. But their sufferings were soon to end. On the morning of July 15th three volleys were heard in the direction of the Cape Coast road:

At 4.30 in the afternoon we heard terrific firing, which removed any doubts we had, and after opening a pint

bottle of champagne—one of our few remaining medical comforts—we mounted the look-out, field-glasses in hand. It was very pathetic that even with relief at hand some of the men were just at the point of death. At 4.45, amid the din of the ever-approaching firing, we heard ringing British cheers, and a shell passed over the top of the fort, which was in the direct line of fire. We then saw shells bursting in all directions about 400 yards off, and we fired a Maxim to show that we were alive. Then to our intense relief we heard a distant bugle sound the "Halt!" and at six o'clock on Sunday evening, July 15, we saw the heads of the advance guard emerge from the bush with a fox terrier trotting gaily in front. Instantly the two buglers on the veranda sounded the "Welcome," blowing it over and over again in their excitement. A few minutes later a group of white helmets told us of the arrival of the staff and we rushed out of the fort cheering to the best of our ability. The meeting with our rescuers was of a most affecting character. Colonel Willcocks and his officers plainly showed what they had gone through.

So ended the siege of Kumassi. It is a record of pluck and endurance by all concerned, a brilliant page in the military history of a momentous year that had many brilliant and other chapters. We should much like to know what the Ashanti tribes think of it all, and what thoughts course through the dim brains of the petty kings when they sit in state upon their tribal stools and reflect that the golden stool now belongs to King Edward VII.

The First Question and the Last.

The Meaning of Good. By G. Lowes Dickinson. (Glasgow: Maclehose.)

This is an attempt to present in dialogue form, shaped on the Platonic model, something of the jangle of contemporary philosophising. And this has been done with such notable success as should secure for Mr. Dickinson's little book something more than passing notice. The characters comprise, among others, a chronic pessimist, a common-sense optimist, a biologist, a utilitarian, and the host who acts as moderator. The conversation is lively enough, and we may go as far as to say that the characters are sufficiently differentiated to give an impression of several minds at work—and that is already much to have achieved.

Audubon, from whose position of complete scepticism the discussion sets out, is realised and wins a certain personal liking. He doubts the validity of our judgment of good and denies freedom of choice, and, further, that choice implies the pursuit of good. A passage of dialogue follows which may be quoted as a fair sample:

"What!" cried Audubon, interrupting in a tone of half-indignant protest, "do you mean to say that it is some idea about Good that brings order into a man's life? All I can say is that, for my own part, I never once think, from one year's end to another, of anything so abstract and remote. I simply go on, day after day, plodding the appointed round, without reflection, without reason, simply because I have to. There's order in my life, heaven knows! but it has nothing to do with ideas about Good. And altogether," he ejaculated in a kind of passion, "it's a preposterous thing to tell me that I believe in Good, merely because I lead a life like a mill-horse. . . ."

"But if you don't like the life of a mill-horse, why do you lead it?"

"Why? Because I have to!" he replied. "You don't suppose I would do it if I could help it?"

"No," I said; "but why can't you help it?"

"Because," he said, "I have to earn my living."

"Then it is a good thing to earn your living?"

"No, but it's a necessary thing."

"Necessary, why?"

"Because one must live."

"Then it is a good thing to live?"

"No, it's a very bad one."

"Why do you live then?"

"Because I can't help it."

"But it is always possible to stop living."

"No, it isn't."

"But why not?"

"Because there are other people dependent on me, and I don't choose to be such a mean skunk as to run away myself and leave other people here to suffer. Besides, it's a sort of point of honour. As I'm here, I'm going to play the game. All I say is that the game is not worth playing; and you will never persuade me into the belief that it is."

The criteria of Good are examined—instinct, the general course of Nature, current convention, pleasure; all are found wanting. Book I. concludes with the suggestion that Evil is but appearance, and that experience may be a progressive discovery of Good. The second book is concerned with the content of Good and the way is precariously felt, through art and friendship and a great many other things, to love:

"All that I mean to maintain at present is that in the activity of love, as we have analysed it, we have something which gives us, if only for a moment, yet still in a real experience, an idea, at least a suggestion, to say no more, of what we might mean by a perfect Good, even though we could not say that it be the Good itself."

"But what then would you call the Good itself?"

"A love, I suppose, which in the first place would be eternal, and in the second all-comprehensive."

This, it is pointed out, either is unattainable or implies the immortality of the soul, and upon that the dialogue comes to an end.

But it is followed by an attempt to represent the main issues under such figures as a dream might furnish. Entering the third tower, over the door whereof was written: "I am the Heart; come into me and feel," the dreamer became aware of himself as a unit among myriads, involved and embraced in a network of fine relations of attraction and repulsion:

Of this system I was myself a member; about me were grouped some of my dearest friends; and beyond and around, stretched away, like infinite points of light, in a clear heaven of passion, the world of souls. I speak, of course, in a figure, for what I am describing in terms of space, I apprehended through the medium of feeling; and by "feeling" I mean all degrees of affection, from extreme of love to extreme of hate . . . ; and by their joint influence the whole system was sustained. It was not, however, in equilibrium; at least not in stable equilibrium. There was a trend, as I soon became aware, towards a centre. The energy of love was constantly striving to annihilate distance and unite in a single sphere the scattered units that were only kept apart by the energy of hate.

We have, perhaps, said enough to show that, if Mr. Dickinson does not pretend to have found the solution of the problem, his book will serve very admirably to give a general idea of how, at this beginning of a century, we do stand in relation to the oldest of all importunate questions.

Good Work.

French Life in Town and Country. By Hannah Lynch. (Newnes Ltd.)

This is the first volume in a well-conceived series of books, called "Our Neighbours," dealing successively with the domestic life of various countries. Miss Lynch has known France from her schooldays, has travelled through its provinces, and has made her home in its gay and cultured capital. She has France at her finger-ends as completely as is possible to an Irishwoman. Apart from her domicile Miss Lynch is a very interesting critic of life and literature. Hence all that she has to say about the dull doings of French country towns; about French home life and school life; about peasants, and shopkeepers,

and artisans, and *concièrges*; about the Paris literary life and the life of fashion; about the Army and the Church; and about the relations of men and women in the world and in the family, is interesting and piquant. In the end, one's English preconceptions of French character are, in the main, confirmed, though with many nice deductions and distinctions well worth study. Miss Lynch's pages are thoroughly interesting and suggestive. Her style, too, is not common. It is marked by vivacity without any drawback of looseness, and resembles a stream that runs strongly and evenly between walls. It is at once distinguished and useful. But good writing is not rare nowadays, and it behoves us to ask what else Miss Lynch achieves. Well, for one thing, she can describe a character. The descriptive character sketch is not often seen nowadays, but one need but open one's *Tatler* or one's *Lamb* to know how good it can be. Miss Lynch's five-page description (not dramatisation) of the grasping Paris landlady is a capital piece of work. As a picture of petty avarice practised with system and affability it might be hard to match. Providing the worst and cheapest food, the commonest napery and table service, grinding the face of her *bonne*, the "little bourgeoisie" is a consistent though hateful person. She staves off unpleasantness with infinite tact, but when you are at last goaded by her parsimony into protest she is superior to confusion. "She will say to you, with that French independence I ever admire, that it is not your purse but hers that is in question; and I judge her to regard as idiots such saints as Martin of Tours and Francis of Assisi." Yet she is entirely free from self-indulgence. We like the firm touches Miss Lynch puts into her portraiture, though in the following passage the illustration she uses will not be accepted everywhere:

She swindles you, not for her comfort, but for the security of her old age. She is circumspect and formal in all her attitudes, absolutely self-respecting, of a cordial coldness; and there is something impersonal, something claustral, in her selfishness. I have remarked that nuns resemble her astonishingly in all their material relations with the world: the same implacable hardness, the same smiling austerity, the same lack of honesty or consideration of others, the same resolute determination to get the best of outsiders in the matter of labour or bargains, to give as little and obtain as much as possible in all transactions, to underfeed, to underpay, and overwork—and all with the same high air of self-approval and righteousness.

Such well-finished portraits are frequent in Miss Lynch's book, which is small, inexpensive, and of a real excellence. The book is prettily illustrated.

Other New Books.

BALLADS OF GHOSTLY SHIRES. BY GEORGE BARTRAM.

Mr. Bartram is not a poet of mark. He tells a plain tale plainly; nor is the tale very original or poetic, though it is drawn from country traditions. There is always a family likeness about such traditions, and we conjecture pretty well the development of the story. But he is an adept in wood-lore, his writing tastes "of Flora and the country green," the touches are fresh and observed, recent from the soil. This is no work of the city poet, after a fortnight of new milk and loafing on the grass. Moreover, he has a vivid vocabulary; and his descriptive passages, judiciously brief and sparing, have something of the true poetic touch and a fresh grace about them. He is, in truth, well worth reading, and has the distinction of writing narrative-verse well in a lyric age. Here is a specimen of his descriptive touch:

The dew is bright on leaf and blade,
The whin is strung with silver cord;
The dappled thrush in yonder glade
Is lavish of his slumber's hoard;
And, ah! the South hath a smack divine
Of new-mown hay and eglantine.

Athwart the budding of the dawn
I saw the spectral mowers pass,
Their valeward course below hath worn
A dewless riband on the grass;
And, hark, their whistling clear and shrill
Streams flute-like up the wooded hill.

Note that touch of the dewless track left by the mowers along the dewy grass—it is new, and straight from observation; while it is no less pictorial than intimate. Or again:

Hood of fur and horseman's cloak,
And bludgeon stout of English oak;
What need we more, though the night be dark,
And the drift breast-high in the hollows?
Hark!

Two miles east doth Blaydon bell
Midnight-wanting-a-quarter tell.

It is a breezy, picturesque, taking little book, though unambitious withal. (Greening.)

WELSH POETS OF TO-DAY SELECTED AND TRANSLATED BY
AND YESTERDAY. EDMUND O. JONES.

This pamphlet-like little anthology of translations from modern Welsh poets is notable for its selections from the work of one man—Islwyn, otherwise William Thomas. It is unfortunate that his best work is in Ode form, and, therefore, too long for complete quotation. It displays no common strength of imagination, at times approaching actual grandeur, with bold and elemental imagery. Mr. Jones, too, seems to have been inspired by it to do his best, and his translation is often excellent. Listen to these fragments from Mr. Thomas's "Night":

Come, Night, with all thy train
Of witnesses. I love
The stars' deep eloquence
That with the evening hours
Grows mute again.

The day is night which hides the stars from sight!

It is the Sun
That at its rising makes the infidel,
And all day long the world alone
Its tale can tell.
Oh, welcome, Night, that bid'st the world be still,
That through the stars eternity may speak.
Too early, Dawn, too early dost thou wake;
Too early climbest up the Eastern hill.

How glorious art thou, Nature, at midnight!
This is the midday of thy gloriousness,
For in the depth of night thou dost display
The roll of thy great ancestry to heaven,
Thy lineage from the eternal: in those hours
We hear thee singing of thy Father, God.

'Tis then
That gentle Nature bends a listening ear
To hear her fountains springing forth from God.
She hears the sound of waters on the hills,
Majestic roar, as though the torrent wished
The stars to hear it, and to tell their God
He still has left upon the hills a voice
Of never-ending worship.

The other poets translated show mediocrity in English, whatever they be in Welsh. But such passages as we have quoted make it well worth the reader's while to gain acquaintance with this Cymric singer, hitherto hidden from English knowledge—"Islwyn." (Llandudno: John Ellis.)

MODERN ABYSSINIA. BY AUGUSTUS B. WYLDE.

Abyssinia has suddenly jumped into favour with authors. Mr. Herbert Vivian's book was a pleasant and gossipy account of travel as far as Harrar; Mr. Wylde's book is a much more serious affair, and, among other things, deals with his journey to Harrar and then through

Abyssinia from south to north. But the volume is far more than an account of recent travel; it contains a most useful sketch of the history of the country, which will be completely new to most readers; a study of its geography; a very full account of the Italian Campaign of 1896, which is the most important event in the modern history of Abyssinia; descriptions of the architecture, agriculture and domestic animals of the people; information on the different provinces; and hints on shooting in Abyssinia and on its borders, and on the rifles and outfit required. Moreover the Appendices contain the text of the most important treaties of late date, a note on the rainfall of the country, a list of the animals found in Abyssinia, of the chief market towns, and of the titles of the native nobles, and other matters useful to travellers. It will thus be seen that the book contains in a handy compass all that most people can possibly want to know about the country. Mr. Wyld was formerly Vice-Consul for the Red Sea, and, therefore, speaks with authority, though unfortunately he does not write in polished English. The country is one with which we shall probably have more intimate relations in the future, and without some idea of its history it is impossible to appreciate current events. A portrait of Menelik serves as frontispiece, and there is a good map of Eastern Abyssinia. (Methuen. 15s. net.)

Assuredly that must be a great cause which articulates itself in a work so voluminous, so ugly, and so unreadable as *Ecumenical Missionary Conference, New York, 1900* (American Tract Society, New York). As we turn the endless pages, we glimpse a lady missionary describing the "Glory Kindergarten" in Kobe, Japan; a secretary beginning his speech: "Let us in imagination take our stand 100 years ago, and survey the world. It is the year 1800; let us look round the world"; a delegate declaring that "the task of representing no less than fifteen Dutch missionary committees, though full of honour, puts me in a difficult position"; and a lady speaker telling this anecdote: "A brilliant literary woman of Boston, prominent as a lecturer before clubs, found that in her crowded life a selection of reading must be made, so she ruled out fiction and substituted missionary literature, and felt rewarded, both intellectually and spiritually, for so doing." The work is an encyclopædia of missionary lore and language; it is also a wonderful memorandum of Christianising work done or planned the world over.

We should like to think that some day we shall look down on the golf-links at Helwân in the Egyptian desert, and employ a white-robed stalwart Arab as our caddy? Trains to Cairo (half an hour's run) twice in the hour, the Step Pyramid (the oldest in the world) close by, the tombs of Mera and Kaben and Ti to explore, lawn tennis, tomb paintings 3,000 years old, bicycling, camels resting under dom palms, electric baths, picnics in the boundless desert: these delights Helwân offers through its eulogists, Dr. W. Page May, Prof. A. H. Sayce, and Prof. G. Schweinfurth. Their joint book is only a pocket volume (prettily issued by Mr. George Allen), but it beckons to Helwân.

Sugary and clerical are the words for *The Poet of Home Life: Centenary Memories of William Cowper* (Home Words Office). What typical pulpit ingenuity shines in the opening words of the Preface: "There are millionaires and—millionaires. Cowper was a true millionaire, both in possession and giving," &c.!

An enlarged edition of the Rev. George Miller's little book entitled *Rambles Round the Edge Hills* (Stock, 6s.) is the result of great research. The book is a microscopic survey of one of the least spoiled portions of rural England, and the very names of the villages whose annals are collected are a symphony: Warmington, Arlescote, Shotteswell, Avon Dassett, Kineton, Compton Verney, Whatecote, and Idlicote. Mr. Miller is master of his subject, and his account of the Battle of Edge Hill is as thorough as it is concise.

Fiction.

The Believing Bishop. By Haverall Bates.
(Allen. 6s.)

You have here one of those disturbing books which aim a blow at the foundations of the whole social organism. Other novels, such as *In His Steps*, have attempted the same thing, but with no disturbing effect, since they were backed by neither intellectual force nor imaginative force. *The Believing Bishop* is different. We speak cautiously when we say that, despite some rather obvious defects, it is a powerful and brilliant work, a rare example of the legitimate use of polemics in fiction. Its theme is by no means new. Perhaps the author was actuated by a desire to do for the literate what Mr. Sheldon of Topeka did for the illiterate. The hero of the story, the Rev. Albert George Ransome, at the age of thirty-five, has attained to the dignity of the wardenship of Muriel College, Oxford, when he is led to ask himself the question, What would Jesus do? and to act accordingly. His adventures constitute the book. He becomes a bishop. At first his saintly fervour makes him the idol of that society which plays with religion like a toy; but soon his deeds, and particularly his excessively awkward questions both to superiors and inferiors, estrange him from all. He is regarded as an eccentric, then as a crank; and his brother-in-law, a plutocratic peer, wants to get him into a lunatic asylum. Later, the believing bishop perceives that he cannot remain a bishop and keep his ideal. He resigns the bishopric (which involves resigning his wife and children), and takes a small East End parish. Again, by reason of this striking sacrifice, he is idolised by the triflers, and again these fall away, bored, angry, scandalised. Finally, circumstances compel him to give up the living. He dies miserable but triumphant in the cottage of an artisan.

The book is a satire whose bitter but subdued ferocity is justified by continual intellectual acuteness and a great deal of wit. The author is intimately acquainted with the Church and church dignitaries, and he spares none. The story consists chiefly of conversations, in which the believing bishop patiently supports his theories by arguments and Socratic questions. The character of the wife is drawn with skill; and one of the best episodes in the book is her conversation with Canon Senior of Ingot College when she fears that Ransome may refuse the bishopric.

"... He wants to refer everything to the standard of Christ's earthly life. Now as that life is over, is it not possible to press the point too far?"

The Canon hesitated, smiled benignantly, and then said in cautious, soft speech, "There again, Mrs. Ransome, you raise a great question. I almost feel inclined to think that the Church is with you in a way. She has to teach the faith once for all committed to her sacred keeping, and she has to organise worship, and duly administer the holy sacraments. Still, you may remember, the Holy Apostles did attach considerable weight to the facts of our blessed Lord's earthly life. In fact, I do not remember any of the Fathers mentioning this difficulty in this connexion. Personally, and apart from any theological doctrine, I do not see how any man could err in imitating the Divine Exemplar."

(Our italics.) Another Canon in the book, the literary Canon Dreffil, is delicious: "He had no command of language, but words had complete ascendancy over him." But the story abounds everywhere in brilliant cruelties. The faults of the book are shortly these. The incident of the mad undergraduate at the beginning is artistically wrong; it doesn't convince, and it is unnecessary. The author's philosophising is sometimes facile and superficial, not to say redundant, as on pp. 102-3. Thirdly, he has an inclination towards symbolic incident, which is quite out of place in a novel otherwise realistic: an instance is that of the Roman Catholic priest and the Salvation Army captain on p. 7.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

A BICYCLE OF CATHAY. BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

A good example of Mr. Stockton's quiet and pleasing humour. The narrative is put into the mouth of a pleasant—indeed, judging by the picture on page 146, a magnificent—youth, who is the teacher of an American village school. He spends his vacation touring on a bicycle. His adventures are generally peaceful and always delightful. The character-sketches are deft. The humour of the book must not be judged by its title. "A Bicycle of Cathay" is the name the narrator gives to his machine—an adaptation of Tennyson's well-known line. (Harpers. 6s.)

THE NEW MASTER. BY ARNOLD GOLDSWORTHY.

The humour of Mr. Arnold Goldsworthy is of a different kind. The grain is coarser, and the point is hammered home, whereas it is Mr. Stockton's way to suggest that he who seeks humour may find it lurking. Mr. Goldsworthy's book is the autobiography of a schoolmaster during term time. "Dr. Bunberry had offered me the post of assistant-master in his very select School. My education stretches from the *Græca Grammaticæ Rudimenta* to halfpenny nap; and my moral character is such that in all the years I have used it I have never been found out." (Pearson. 3s. 6d.)

A NARROW WAY. BY MARY FINDLATER.

Belongs to the domestic class of novel, and is touched with a certain fragrance, although the scene is laid in a crescent off the Kentish Town-road. The author herself proclaims it to be a "domestic story," and remarks that "it runs to an old-fashioned and domestic end." This unassuming book contains clever character-sketches of an old and a young woman, and some graceful verses "To an Old Lady" as prologue. (Methuen. 6s.)

THAT SWEET ENEMY. BY KATHERINE TYNAN.

An Irish story of the olden time. It opens at the Rosery, the dower house of the O'Doherty ladies. Near by is the home of their ancestors, Castle Flinn, from which they have been dispossessed. And to Aunt Theodosia "the wound is fresh as yesterday." A spirited, lightly touched story, brimming with pleasant Irish names. (Constable. 6s.)

THE ROYAL SISTERS. BY FRANK MATTHEW.

Mr. Matthew is faithful to the historical novel. "Now that Queen Elizabeth reigns gloriously, the tale of her struggle with her sister is unknown or perplexed, so I record all I beheld of it. Not many knew more of that time when I was Admiral of England, and witnessed the irrational hopes, miserable tyranny, and final despair of an unfortunate Queen." (John Long. 6s.)

VERONICA VERDANT. BY MINA SANDEMAN.

This is the autobiography of Veronica—a wild young thing. On page 23 she reflects: "I suppose I possess the fatal gift of fascination. My alluring little wiles are part of myself." Chapter V., which is called "I am Kissed," contains a novelty in our experience of novels. Aunt Daisy advises Veronica to use a certain cream for her complexion, and at the bottom of the page is this footnote: "By the way, —'s Cream may be obtained at the Junior Army and Navy Stores." The volume is dedicated to "The Blessed Angels in spheres of light," &c. (John Long. 6s.)

THE BLUE DIAMOND. BY L. T. MEADE.

It disappears. Suspicion, of course, falls on the wrong person, the kind and unselfish daughter of a rector, and many troubles follow. So practised a hand as Mrs. Meade's can hold the skeins of a complicated story like this with skill and apparent ease. Ardent novel readers will find the story absorbing. The end is dramatic. (Chatto. 6s.)

THE REDEMPTION OF DAVID CORSON. BY C. F. GOSSE.

This is another American novel, which comes to us trailing rumours of "an enormous sale" across the Atlantic. Ohio, in the spring of 1849, and a Quaker boy in the quiet landscape. He is a dreamer of dreams, a natural mystic, but a pretty gypsy trips across his path, and for a time the world holds him tight. He runs, to quote the advertisement, "the whole gamut of vice, and is entangled in crime." But love redeems him, and in the end, though his sins were as scarlet, &c., &c. (Methuen. 6s.)

LOVE AND HONOUR. BY M. E. CARR.

A first novel by a new writer, with this motto on the title-page from Boswell's *Life of Johnson*: "You know courage is reckoned the greatest of all virtues; because, unless a man has that virtue, he has no security for preserving any other." The leading theme of the story is the conflict between love and honour in the mind of one of the characters, a colonel in the Prussian army. The opening chapter is laid in Westphalia. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

THE EMU'S HEAD. BY CARLETON DAWE.

A yarn, a rattling yarn, is this "chronicle of Dead Man's Flat." The prologue opens in Melbourne on a stormy night. "Great Boreas!" writes Mr. Carleton Dawe, "how the night roared, how the rain hissed . . . Whew! Was ever such a night for gods or men?" Mr. George Vincent, hurrying home, hears "Help—help!" "They've murdered me," groaned the poor wretch, and before dying he gives George a pocket-book which tells where the treasure Hall took from the Mount Marong escort is hidden. Then begins Chapter I. (Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.)

THE MASTER PASSION. BY BESSIE HATTON.

This is the story of Dolores, her rebellious childhood, her life in a convent, and "the tragedy of her love." Dolores was a "peculiar girl," who bit her nails, and flew into passions, and, as a child, loved nobody but her father; so she was sent to a convent in Normandy, where she made friends with Drusilla, the English governess, who prophesied that, when Dolores grew up, she would learn "to love poetry very much." Drusilla was already grown up, and "the works of Shelley, Swinburne, and Shakespeare were more precious to her than anything in the world." (Pearson. 6s.)

A HONEYMOON IN SPACE. BY GEORGE GRIFFITH.

This is a typical specimen of the new wonder-of-science romance. The hero and heroine are seen in the frontispiece, carefully dressed, and with hair neatly brushed, looking out of the window of their air-ship, each holding a glass of morphine wherewith to purchase death. Suddenly the heroine espies the earth. "Thank God—the earth!" Meanwhile, the captain of the *St. Louis*, in mid-Atlantic, has been trying to wipe them off his telescope glass. (Pearson. 6s.)

We have also received: *A State Secret*, with nine other stories, by B. M. Croker (Methuen, 3s. 6d.); *The Sin of Jasper Standish*, by "Rita" (Constable); *Two Sides of a Question*, by May Sinclair (Constable); *The Mayor of Littlejoy*, by F. C. Smale (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.); *The Survivor*, by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.); *The Shadow of Gilsland*, by Morice Gerard (Horace Marshall, 3s. 6d.); *Time's Fool* (Douglas, 6s.); *A Racecourse Tragedy*, by Nat Gould (Everett).

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The Bad Novel.

An Enquiry.

A NOVEL is bad not so much because the novelist cannot say what he has to say as because he has nothing to say; but both disabilities contribute to the badness, for, by a wise ordinance of nature, he who bears a message can always, somehow, deliver it. Most often the bad novel arises from an accident. A fleeting impulse, a chance remark, even an idle hour, and lo! the bad novel is born. The prospective bad novelist thinks or hears either "How nice it would be to write a story!" or "What a splendid idea for a story!" and he answers: "Why shouldn't I try? I will." Usually, we fancy, it is the curiosity to experience what writing is like, and not the desire to embody a given idea in literary form, that makes the silly scribe, whose feeling is that it would be rather "fun" to do as Thackeray did. The splendid idea follows, forced unnaturally into existence by the piquancy of the desire. So the paper is bought, the pen dipped, and the novel begun. Now, the bad novelist is commonly a somewhat clever and versatile person, with a certain facility, and his first, if not his last, sensation is one of surprise at the easiness of writing narrative. And merely to write narrative is easy; we all do it in our letters—we write narrative "without knowing it." Indeed, anyone—a tea-merchant or an engrossing-clerk—could produce a novel—that is, a connected and coherent invented narrative—if he doggedly persevered; it might be inconceivably fatuous, but it would be a novel; printed, it would deceive the eye of a Ste.-Beuve at a distance of three feet. And the bad novel deceives the eye of its author, as he writes it, at a distance of a foot. It looks like a novel; it has all the customary apparatus of chapter-divisions, short lines, indented lines, inverted commas; it *is* a novel. The author is encouraged to continue; he continues and he finishes; and, once in a hundred times, by some error of destiny, the novel is published. We calculate that the bad novelists of the United Kingdom, driven by curiosity or the force of an idea, or, perhaps, by poverty, produce several hundreds of irredeemably bad novels each week; so that, though only 1 per cent. of them gets as far as the laughter of compositors (if compositors ever laugh), the number reaching this office in a year is quite considerable. We will briefly examine one or two of the finest specimens, dealing first with the matter and then with the manner.

The bad novelist, instead of finding a central idea for an environment, invariably finds an environment for a central idea. With him the Idea is uppermost. His pseudo-creative impulse is not the vague resultant of long observation and an inclusive sympathy, but a precise and defined inclination to relate something unusual, bizarre or astonishing. The bad novelist has the same false notion as the crowd of amiable friends who persist in annoying the good novelist with the remark: "I have met *such* a queer man, or heard *such* a queer incident—I am sure you would be interested—it certainly ought to go into a book." He has not guessed that the aim of the novelist is to

discover beauty in the normal, not to provide a literary freak-show; that, in fact, the novelist is attracted by the abnormal about as much as a painter would be attracted by a woman with twelve fingers or a beard. And so the bad novelist goes in search of, or is seized by, the startling Idea; and the more startling it is, the more pleased he is with it. In one novel now before us, the Idea to be envired is as follows: a rich and worldly widowed lord, who is also a painter, finds a female infant of surpassing loveliness. He causes her to be brought up on a remote estate in Norway, where her life is so arranged that she shall never see a man. The lord's son, so adroit is his father's scheming, falls in love with a marvellous portrait of a woman from the lord's masterly brush, and on attaining his majority he is sent to the estate in Norway under sealed orders. The orders being unsealed, the son reads thus: "Ivor, my son, by the grace of Providence, you will now look upon the original of my famous picture, chaste, pure, and undefiled, and she will see in you the first man she has ever beheld! And, best of all, I know that you already love her!" The pair marry. There is the Idea, hypnotising the bad novelist, who very probably thought that in it he had happened on an entirely original method of contrasting the "belles of society" with the perfect woman. And now the author sits down to accomplish the embodiment, and one can almost hear him enquiring, "How ought I to begin?" The obvious course is to ask, "How do other authors begin?" And this is just what he does ask, and, having ascertained the answer, begins accordingly. Observe, it never occurs to him to begin by examining life and nature anew for himself. The mere Idea has already carried him far away from all considerations of truth and probability. In the present instance he begins with the reception held to celebrate the son's majority. There is no general description of it, but a few disconnected "bits," which he has evidently remembered or excogitated one by one, and strung together. The attitude towards "society belles" is sarcastic. "The two girls squeezed our hands with the formula smile, lifted their precious silks about their legs, and squeezed into the carriage in front of their mother, whose enamelled shoulders shuddered a moment in the night air." And later on are such phrases as "veiled vulgarity," "*sous-entendu* doubly clear and disgusting to a refined creature." Such observations, as they presented themselves to him, he would certainly deem both original and effective. We next come to the father's portrait of the mysterious damsel. The author's purpose is to make this picture impressive, and the means which he adopts are exactly those which would be used by a man ignorant both of life and art. "Unanimously pronounced by the Press as the accomplishment of the year. Such was the witchery of this famous work that little knots of fascinated picture-lovers would linger at the canvas during its tenure at [*sic*] the Academy and gaze upon it long and with swimming eyes, unconscious of the fleeting time, and marvel at the wonderful beauty of the dreams which it inspired rather than at the radiating loveliness of the picture itself." Now, if the bad novelist could have walked out of his study, had a cold plunge, gazed inimically into the mirror and said to his face: "Do people stand long rapt and with swimming eyes before pictures in the Academy?" there might have been hope for him. But of such a feat of detachment he is constitutionally incapable, and so, gaining momentum page by page, he wanders further and further away from reality. He is lost. Often you can see him puzzling where to go, what to say next, and saying the most ludicrous things in his bewilderment. As thus: "It being bad form to notice any peculiar habits or fads of one's guests, I have no very clear impression of the Lord Archibald's conduct as he left the house." Or again: "That, said as it was with a dreamy, far-away look, would have flattered some men and made them sensible of an unconquerable desire to throw their arms round her neck and embrace her, or

raise her hand gently to the lips and imprint upon it a kiss full of the profoundest meaning. Such, however, was my father's training that my mind was entirely innocent of any leaning in that direction." And so the bad novel continues, at haphazard, an inconsequent farrago of conscious and unconscious imitations interspersed with original fatuities, until the last ecstasy—"Ivor, my own, my dearest love, now we shall be together always, on earth and in heaven, always, always together." The Idea is clothed.

In regard to the manner of the bad novel—by which we, of course, mean the literary manner—the commonest and most pervading characteristic of it is the tendency to write, not in words, but in phrases. As Schopenhauer said of unintelligent authors: "They combine whole phrases more than words—*phrases banales*." There is no clearly defined thought. "It is only intelligent writers who place individual words together with a full consciousness of their use, and select them with deliberation." The subject of *phrases banales* is much too large to be entered upon here. The habit of thinking in phrases leads, by a curious attraction, to the habit of imagining in episodes or lumps of event, instead of detail by detail. Thus, when a hero is suddenly called away on a journey, all the rigmarole of acts previously performed by other heroes so placed is set out in full. "I scribbled a few brief notes, cancelling the engagements I had contracted"; or, at the end of the journey: "I at once dismissed the driver with a fee that made his old eyes sparkle." It is the same with descriptions: they are conceived in a chunk; there is none of the *minutiae* of invention, but a vague reminiscence of some remembered whole. Thus, the account of a young lady's boudoir (in a novel which opens: "Everybody knows Champington, the little town nestling in the Surrey hills") begins: "The room was tastefully and elegantly furnished in a style that signalled a woman's inspiration"; then follows a page and a-half of descriptive *clichés*; and the last phrase is: "Odour of roses and mignonette." Even there the bad novelist cannot drop his chunk of remembered episode, for on the next few pages we meet with these locutions:

Sol shot his beams of light athwart the window.

So, at least, Sol seemed to say to Alice Lawson, a winsome . . .

"How delicious!" she cried, taking a deep inspiration of the flower-scented air.

"Heigho!"

Now, why do young girls say "Heigho!" often when they have not a trouble in the world?

Nine pages elapse before the bad novelist is able to free himself from the spell cast by the incantatory phrase, "The room was tastefully and elegantly," &c.

The bad novelist betrays himself by his nomenclature and his headings. The aristocratic lover of our Norwegian paragon is styled "The Hon. Ivor Treherne"; when the bad novelist wants to create a person of true distinction, he always, as a first step, calls him Treherne, or Dalrymple, or Anstruther. Here are some of the chapter-headings from the Champington novel—"A Baffling Quest," "Toilers in Babylon," "Link by Link," "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," "Alas!" "A desperate dilemma."

To conclude, the most pathetic literary shortcoming of the bad novelist is his entire inability to say what he wants to say—a shortcoming not often noticeable because he so seldom wants to say anything in particular. There are rare moments, however, when one can perceive that he really has something on his mind. To witness his struggles then is painful. The expert penman is frequently conscious of having, despite himself, written differently from his intention, of having compassed a passage, but not at all *the* passage. The bad novelist, by simple amateurishness, "never gets anywhere near" his real thoughts. He is continually stultifying and falsifying himself, posing as a bigger fool than actually he is. That is his tragedy, which he does not suspect.

Things Seen.

Home-Sick.

By occupation he was a clerk, with a passion for long country walks, which he indulged every Saturday and Sunday. He always carried a knapsack and a sleeping sack: where he slept on Saturday nights he and the sky alone knew. He was an inarticulate, brooding man, and nobody troubled, so far as I knew, to learn if there were any depths of his soul worth exploring. But he had his compensations—those lonely walks. They, I am sure, were his life: his clerking was a detail. When the formation of the Imperial Yeomanry set the hardy youth of England on fire, he applied for his fortnight's leave from the bank and learned to shoot. Later he was enrolled. He did not tell us the day of his departure, but slipped quietly off to Southampton, and we did not know he had left us till he was gone. He was easily forgotten. He left no vacant place.

A year later he was invalided home. We welcomed him, and tried to do him honour, but he evaded our protestations. He returned to the bank, and after office hours avoided his fellows with singular success. He was more taciturn than ever, refused to talk about the war, and though he had quite recovered from the fever, it was plain that he was an ill man. He grew pale, he lost weight, till the day came when the Government called for more yeomanry. Then, suddenly he awaked. Hope changed him. He looked ten years younger. He was a man with a future. Some great emotion buoyed him up. The night before he sailed he became communicative. Then I understood. His forbears had called, and they would be no longer denied. Town life had touched only the surface of him. He was home-sick for his real home—grass, sky, and hills. He had known the life of the veldt, and nothing else could ever content him. "Oh!" he cried, "after marching all day to lie down on the young grass, and to go off into a dreamless sleep with the great sky overhead, and the decent sounds of free life about you. The colouring, the distances, the smell of the air. That's living, while here ——" The next day he went back—home.

"About the best thing——"

It was a dismal afternoon, and the faces of the passengers reflected the gloom of the dreary streets. We lumbered heavily along, stopping at a corner to fill the one seat that completed our load.

I looked up mechanically as a mass of black drapery trailed itself across my boots. My eyes were instantly held by the beauty of a woman's face. They rested there longer than politeness allowed; but I saw that I need not trouble to look away from a fear of disconcerting the owner of that rare beauty, for she was as unconscious of my admiring interest as of the other pairs of eyes that watched her too. It was nothing to her that we found her good to look upon; one felt that she must have been so always, and the fact was as self-evident as the world about her.

She was not haughty, or contemptuous, merely indifferent as she sat with a certain placid serenity, curving the lines of her half-smiling lips. Thick dark lashes rested like a shadow on the pale oval of her cheek, and were not lifted for an instant. In spite of the becoming modern garments that she wore there was something ageless, dateless, in her mien; an almost classic air, with not so much as a link or touch of any circumstance, environment, or epoch.

We were no longer dull and commonplace. Some unsuspected latent beauty—I am convinced it was no fantastic

personal delusion—crept into the dull countenances around in answer to the compelling beauty before our eyes. It was wonderful that transient gleam, in response to an unspoken call. The dowdy matron in the corner smiled as she rose to get out, smiled as she lingered a moment on the step, and turned again to look on that rare face to imprint it deeper on her mental vision; and for the smile's sake I forgave her a gaping buttonhole that hardly constrained its button!

I quoted to myself Fra Lippo's words as I, too, stepped out into the fog. They meant the same as the matron's smile:

If you get simple beauty and nought else,
You get about the best thing God invents.

French Idioms.

As soon as a student has mastered the rudiments of any foreign language, the great stumbling-block which besets him is the difficulty of forming his phrases as the foreigner himself would shape them. In other words, he must learn to think in the new vehicle for expressing such thoughts as he may possess and wish to communicate to the world. There are many men who acquire a great fluency in speaking French, and conversely Frenchmen who speak English with readiness, who have really no knowledge of the tongue, and merely translate from their own language literally, preserving the very form and spirit of the sentences of their mother tongue. They think in English or in French, as the case may be, and then with the aid of a mental grammar and dictionary translate their thoughts into the language of their interlocutor. This is a very primitive stage in the speaking of foreign languages, but there are many who never get beyond it. Such a facility is easily acquired; but to those who are more ambitious it is necessary to use the idioms and phrases of the foreigner, and to think and even to dream in his manner.

About a quarter of a century ago M. de la Morinière published an admirable book on French prepositions and idioms, which was admirably adapted to smooth the way of the student desirous of handling those perplexing particles, the prepositions, with ease and grace. As a companion book we are glad to see a third and greatly enlarged edition of Mr. Payen-Payne's *French Idioms and Proverbs* (Nutt), for though, of course, it is not as important a work as M. de la Morinière's, it is extremely useful to those who are anxious to speak or to read idiomatic French with understanding. Many French proverbs require no explanation; they are simply the French form of the phrase which, like the corresponding English phrase, is taken from a common source. For example, "La belle plume fait le bel oiseau," which no one could mistake for anything but our own "Fine feathers make fine birds," and "A brebis tondu Dieu mesure le vent," which is obviously "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," though the phrase is not to be found in the French any more than it is in the English Bible. But all specimens of the wisdom of the many summed up by the wit of the one are not the same in both languages. Each nation has its own expressions of common-sense sagacity, and its own way of putting them into words, and here it is that we see the value of such a little book as Mr. Payen-Payne's. A literal translation will not do for the majority of idioms and proverbs, and merely makes nonsense of the phrase. A simple dictionary translation of "Il a les pieds bien chauds" would not convey to an Englishman the idea that the person spoken of was in comfortable circumstances, as the words do to a Frenchman; nor does "Tout le saint-frusquin," literally translated, convey the meaning which in equally colloquial English it possesses of "the whole bag of tricks."

Turning over the leaves at random one comes across many idioms and phrases worth noting. The recent revival of "The Three Musketeers" and similar plays lends an interest to the phrase "N'avoir que la cape et l'épée," which means a penniless man with a long pedigree, and is generally used of young officers who have nothing but their pay. "Il croquait le marmot" means to dance attendance, and is variously explained. Littré says it arose from the fact that artists while waiting for their patrons used to draw pictures of little monkeys in the vestibule, while others assert that visitors used to eat little cakes in the shape of monkeys while waiting in the ante-chamber. It is difficult to say which explanation is the less likely of the phrase "to eat the monkey." The familiar phrase "Reach-me-down" has an exact equivalent in "Dérochez-moi-ça," as we believe was first pointed out by the late G. A. Sala, who unearthed the phrase at New Orleans many years ago in a second-hand clothes shop. An expression which has a curious origin is "Aller au diable Vauvert" or "au vert." It appears that the Carthusians in the time of St. Louis coveted the king's abandoned mansion of Vauvert. They therefore started the rumour that the house was haunted by evil spirits, and in consequence the superstitious king handed the house over to them. The monks speedily exorcised the demons they had created, and the phrase "Aller au diable Vauvert" came to mean "to disappear." It is interesting to note that the favourite tag of those who quote French in and out of season, "Revenons à nos moutons," comes from an old farce of the fifteenth century, "Maistre Pierre Pathelin," a work something like our "Gammer Gurton's Needle."

A frequent trap for the unwary is the difference of meaning in similar phrases. For example: "Faire feu" means to fire a gun, while "Faire du feu" means to light a fire; "Tomber par terre" conveys the idea of falling to the ground from one's own height; whereas "Tomber à terre" means to fall from any height—in other words, to tumble down and to tumble off. In the same way, "Traiter de fat" means to call a man a fop, and "Traiter en roi" to treat him like a king. The English word "bore" may be expressed in two ways: "un raseur" gives the idea of an active bore, and "une bassinoire" of a passive bore.

The book is fairly complete, well printed, and commendably free from misprints. We may, however, point out that "Dussé-je en mourir," on page 85, has a superfluous accent which has escaped the reviser's eye.

Table Talk.

If you want concrete evidence of the reluctance of human nature to change, and of the persistence of jokes, there is nothing like an old newspaper. I was turning over, the other day, a file of a daily paper for 1801, a paper which printed every morning a column of jokes, in the manner of the *Globe's* "By the Way" column; and, save for an old-fashioned turn of phrase here and there, they might all have been written by the newspaper jokers of 1901. The pun was still the shortest cut to humour, but a hundred years ago the pun was italicised in a way that, happily, has passed, save in the pages of *Punch*. In the week of 1801 corresponding with the present week of 1901 were these paragraphs:

In the cutting up of poor Turkey by Russia, Austria, and France, the funny Paul will no doubt ask for the merry thought.

There is so much dove-tailing in the new Administration, that many suppose it has come from the Abbé Siequie's pigeon-holes.

Several of the turncoats have brushed out of office as clean as if they had never gone through any dirt in it.

Have they not a familiar rin? The Laureate of the

day (poor Mr. Pye) also came in for just such knocks as are reserved in the present year for Mr. Austin; as when he was congratulated upon a decision of the Revenue exempting from taxation all *forced products*. We truly stand very still.

WHY did the Prologue fall into disrepute, and disappear? The newspaper which yields these old jokes prints every few days the prologue to the play of the moment, and very good reading they are. The opportunity thus afforded of lightly lashing the age is not to be despised; nor is the encouragement which the prologue gives to the ten-foot couplet, a measure that is now too much neglected. We have at this moment admirable potential prologue writers—Mr. Dobson, Mr. Gosse, Mr. Seaman, to say nothing of less known practitioners. Indeed, as there probably was never a period when so many persons could rhyme so gracefully as now, this is the ideal time in which to revive the honourable Prologue habit. Of course, the playwright himself often liked to write his own prologue—by way of introduction to his play; but the services of a satirical friend were often called in. And then, on the first night, it was spoken by an actress or actor of eminence. I should like to write a prologue full of such lines as Mrs. Calvert might speak in her most characteristic voice. But these revivals of customs rarely happen: the age is too much given to haste, audiences coming late kill the first minutes of a play too persistently, and spoken poetry—even prologue poetry—has become a bore. The Stage Society, however, might reinstate the custom.

WE were talking the other day about the "Song of Solomon"—I. praising its beauty as a love poem and now and then reading a passage with intense rapture. The theory that an allegory was intended made him almost furious. "The thievish church to put that scoundrelly gloss to the chapters!" Afterwards he prepared a specimen, adapting it also to the various Nonconformist sects: as, "The Friends' meeting-house commended under various similitudes"; "The Salvation Army hears the voice of its beloved and has discoveries of his glory."

By the way, if one wants to see every vestige of poetry extracted from the Song, one should read the notes to it by Dr. Adam Clarke, in his edition of the Bible. This is the kind of thing done by that pious commentator: "*Thy nose—as the tower of Lebanon*. There was doubtless a propriety in this similitude . . . which cannot now be discerned. If we are to understand the similitude as taken from the *projecting* form of the nose, even here I see nothing striking in the metaphor; for surely the tower of Lebanon did not *project* from the *mountain* as the human nose does from the face." And so forth. The Doctor, however, makes up in some degree for his notes by printing a beautiful fourteenth-century version of the Canticles.

LATIN scholars who pride themselves on their learning and ingenuity may be able to translate the lines that follow:

Notæ formæ missarum,
Norre et formare,
Norre et formicat.

I found them in a letter to the *Athenæum* describing the papers left by Canon Manning. After several of the first scholars of the day had toiled at them in vain, the translation was revealed:

No tea for me, Miss Sarum,
Nor yet for Mary,
Nor yet for my cat.

APROPÓS of translation, I came upon a good specimen of what might be called the homelifying of poetry in an old paper the other day. One week the following epigram from the Greek of Ptolemy was printed:

I know that I am mortal, and belong
To the vile sod I tread; yet when I raise
My thoughts to heaven, and mingle in the throng
Of world; that labour in close-ravelled maze,—
No longer then with the base earth I link,
But am with Jove indeed amid his ways,—
Share the same skies—from the same fountain drink.

A week or so later Ptolemy was thus served up in the dialect of the simple:

I know as how I'm mortal, and am fell
Through sin and that,—I knows this 'ere quite well;
And yet, Lord love you, Sir, tho' I se no saint,
When I se a-walking of a frosty night
And sees them stars—I'm blest if I be'nt quit.
Another individual,—“I ain't
Joe Dobson now,” says I, “nor no such cove,
But blest if I arn't up along with Jove.”

V. V. V.

Correspondence.

George Bernard Shaw.

SIR,—May I suggest that the writer of the article in the *ACADEMY* for February 10, on "George Bernard Shaw," might further edify and enlighten a considerable number of his readers by giving his reasons for some of the remarkable statements he made.

For example: "True criticisms . . . do not argue, they state; they are the expression not of ideas but of emotions." Is there any further reason for this dictum besides the fact that it is a convenient method of avoiding argument for a writer who may be incapable of anything but dogmatic statement? When, in the name of common-sense, did "true criticism" become the expression of emotion, except, indeed, with that type of "critic" who actually boasts of a cultivated "lump in his throat," which tells him unerringly when a work of drama or fiction is good or bad, as the mercury in the thermometer tells the temperature, by its rising and falling?

An even more amazing statement is the remark that not the slightest traces of emotion are observable in Mr. Shaw's works. Of course, if this merely means that there is no evidence of Mr. Shaw having stained his MS. with his tears (figuratively or literally) it is a trivially insignificant utterance. Your reviewer would think less, not more, of Paderewski if he were unable to play a Beethoven sonata without weeping upon the keys. All that the artist feels has to be mastered before perfect expression can be achieved, and "traces of emotion" (on the artist's part) are simply a disfigurement in his finished work. On the other hand, if the statement is supposed to mean that no emotion is *represented* in Mr. Shaw's plays—that the characters themselves are without feeling, I beg to oppose such an idea (or emotion—which?) with the equally simple and sweeping assertion that there is more genuine human feeling in the second act of "You Never Can Tell," or the first act of "The Devil's Disciple," than in all the sentimentalities of all the conventional stage-shows at present "holding the boards" at the whole of the London theatres. Next in order of incredibility comes the statement that "in not one of Mr. Shaw's plays will the technique bear an instant's examination." I for one should particularly like to have reasons for this (emotional) utterance, because I claim to understand the said plays; and I challenge any living critic to point out a single instance in (say) "*Candida*" in which the technique is not subordinate to the expression—that is, in which the construction, selection of character, dialogue, and so forth,

is not absolutely the test for the artist's purpose. If this is not mastery of technique I am eager to learn what is.—I am, &c.,
GEORGE LORENCE NORMAN.

[To reply fully to our correspondent's trenchant statement of her case would need far more space than is available. We can only refer to her three points in the briefest possible way:

(1) Miss Norman slightly twists our meaning in her quotation. We must re-state our view that the finest art criticism is the expression of the critic's sympathetic emotion in the presence of the art work; that there can be no true criticism without such sympathetic emotion; and that Mr. Shaw's criticism has it not. Mr. Shaw's criticism is ideological, not artistic. We gave several examples of true art criticism in our article; we will add another and a better one—Gautier's elegy on Charles Baudelaire.

The "lump in the throat" is a very good test.

(2) When we said that we had never observed the slightest trace of emotion in Mr. Shaw's works, we meant just that. In bringing forward the first act of "The Devil's Disciple," as an example of "genuine human feeling," Miss Norman discloses an inability to distinguish between emotion and deliberately concocted sentimentality. She could not have chosen a more flagrant instance of Mr. Shaw's limitation.

(3) The question of technique is one not of opinion, but of fact. Miss Norman is quite wrong.

We are glad to see Mr. Shaw championed so chivalrously by a woman, for more effectively than anyone else he has fought the woman's cause.]

"Adonis Gardens."

SIR,—I am greatly indebted to Mr. Lang for supplying me with the other references to the "Gardens of Adonis" in Dr. Frazer's *Golden Bough*, from which it appears that mention of the Gardens is not confined to Plato's *Phædrus*, as they are also noticed by Theophrastus, Gregorius Cyprian, and others. But this information puts us no further forward. My letter was written to elicit a reference to the Gardens in any English work, or even a translation, anterior to, or contemporary with, the appearance of *1 Henry VI.* If no such reference is forthcoming, then the presumption is that Shakespeare obtained his knowledge of Adonis Gardens either from Latin or Greek works (of which there were no translations at the time) or, as Mr. Lang suggests, from "hear say"—a theory constantly advanced to account for much of the learning displayed in the dramas, which, with the poems, are saturated with classic thought and allusion. Mr. Sidney Lee (who, I may mention, maintains "that such coincidences as have been detected between expressions in Greek plays and in Shakespeare seem due to accident") attributes Shakespeare's knowledge of law and legal terms—take Sonnet XLVI., for example—"in part to the many legal processes in which his father was involved, and in part to early intercourse with members of the Inns of Court"; he attributes Shakespeare's knowledge of the North of Scotland in *Macbeth* to "his inevitable intercourse with Scotsmen in London and the theatres"; and he also attributes Shakespeare's knowledge of Venice, Padua, Verona, Mantua, and Milan to "the verbal reports of travelled friends." Why not either allow Shakespeare an acquaintance with Latin, Greek, and Italian, or endeavour to unearth English works as the sources of his information? The "hear say" theory can scarcely be held by reasoning mortals to account for what Schlegel calls "Shakespeare's mastery of all the things and relations of this world."—I am, &c.,
GEORGE STRONACH.

P.S.—Since the above was written, I find I am able to answer one of my own queries. There is a long account of "Adonis Gardens" in Spenser's *Fairie Queene*, Book III., Canto 6, where we read of "the gardin of

Adonis, far renowned by fame," and "there is continually Spring, and harvest there continually, both meeting at one time," an almost exact equivalent to Shakespeare's "Which one day bloomed, and fruitful were the next." *The Faerie Queene* was published in 1591, and *1 Henry VI.* was first played March 3, 1592, so that the two quotations come very near each other in the matter of date of composition
G. S.

The "Blue Boy" of Gainsborough.

SIR,—In reply to Mrs. Morgan, who has asked for full particulars about the "Blue Boy" of Gainsborough, I venture to send you the following summary.

The original "Blue Boy" was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1770. What became of it is not known. In 1802 George IV., then Prince of Wales, gave (or sold) to his particular friend, John Nesbitt—"an old beau of the first water," as he has been described—a "Blue Boy" of Gainsborough. The story is given in Trimmer's *Life of J. M. W. Turner, R.A.* (1862), ii. 63.

Nesbitt possessed a sound taste in matters connected with Art, and is most unlikely to have been deceived. When his pictures were sold in 1802 owing to bankruptcy, the *Times* spoke of him as a person "of well-known taste," and one "long distinguished for taste and judgment," declaring his collection to be "invaluable," and containing "the finest works of Art."

A clique of Nesbitt's friends, headed by the Prince of Wales, bought in the "Blue Boy" on behalf of Nesbitt to save it from his creditors, and the Prince entrusted it to Hoppner the painter, who was one of Nesbitt's friends.

Now in October of the same year Hoppner sold to Earl Grosvenor the "Blue Boy," which has ever since remained in Grosvenor House; but this could not have been Nesbitt's picture. There are a dozen sound reasons against such a supposition. Nesbitt's "Blue Boy" was afterwards again in the Prince's possession for five years, and when Nesbitt's affairs were more prosperous his royal friend and patron restored to him the picture of which he was so fond, and Nesbitt had it with him till his death a few years later. It was in the Prince's and Nesbitt's possession for about ten years after it left Hoppner, and it cannot be supposed that these lovers of art were ignorant of the fact that during all those years there was another "Blue Boy" in the possession of Lord Grosvenor. If, then, Hoppner had sold Nesbitt's picture to the Earl, and had palmed off a copy on Nesbitt and the Prince (a most dangerous thing to do, seeing that Hoppner lived by his art, and was dependent for his prospects on his character for straightforward dealings), the fraud would, of course, have at once been discovered. As to Nesbitt, his relations with the Prince till the day of his death are sufficient to prove that he did not combine with Hoppner to deceive his powerful friend and protector—one, moreover, who had been so consistently kind to him.

By far the most reasonable supposition is that Gainsborough was known to have painted two "Blue Boys," and that Hopper procured for Lord Grosvenor the other one, not Nesbitt's; or perhaps that he openly and honestly painted for the Earl a copy of the picture with which he had been entrusted. To suppose that the picture which went back from Hoppner to the Prince and Nesbitt was a fraudulent copy is to suppose that between May and October of 1802 Hoppner was guilty of the most reckless and abominable duplicity, a course of conduct of which, judging from the rest of his career, we have no reason to imagine him capable.

The Prince's "Blue Boy," then, went back to Nesbitt. It was sold by Nesbitt to William Hall, an auctioneer, in 1820. After Hall's death it was bought by Mr. Dawson (1858); he sold it to Mr. J. Sewell. In 1867 Mr. Sewell exhibited the picture, and consigned it for sale to Messrs. Hogarth. From them it was purchased by Sir Joseph

Hawley. Sir Henry Hawley inherited it on Sir Joseph's death, and he sold the picture to Mr. Martin Colnaghi. Mr. Colnaghi sold it to Mr. Fuller, of New York, and when this gentleman's pictures were put up to auction it was bought in. Shortly afterwards the "Blue Boy" was purchased by Mr. George A. Hearn, of New York, its present fortunate owner.

The pedigree of the picture is thus clearly ascertained; and whether the Duke of Westminster's be Gainsborough's or not, it is certainly not the "Blue Boy" which in 1802 passed from the Prince of Wales to John Nesbitt. This one is in New York.

Some of the best judges, and among them Gainsborough's great nephew, R. J. Lane, have declared the Nesbitt "Blue Boy" to be superior to the Westminster one, and undoubtedly an original.

The points which it would be interesting to determine are whether the "Blue Boy" exhibited in 1770 was the painter's first or second picture (if he painted two), and whether the Prince of Wales in 1802 owned the original or the replica (if there were two). If there were not two then the Grosvenor House picture is probably Hoppner's copy.

BUSCADOR.

Forgotten Epic Poems.

SIR,—I was somewhat surprised recently on perusing the contents of a list of more than one hundred titles of epic poems ending in "ad," in imitation, I presume, of Homer's *Iliad*. Of course, the *Rolliad*, *Beviad*, *Epigoniad*, and *Lusiad* are well known; but who ever heard of *The Beeriad*, or the *Progress of Drink* (Gosport, 1736)? There are many other curious names in this list, such as Colman's *Rodiad*, the *Ratiad*, the *Ksckiad*, the *Diaboliad*, the *Bruciad*, and the *Graemiad*. I should be pleased if any of your readers could furnish me with additional titles of books ending in "ad," giving the size, number of pages, and place and date of publication.—I am, &c.,

ADAM SMAIL.

13, Cornwall-street, Edinburgh.

"Shakespeare and the Market."

SIR,—In the *ACADEMY* of February 9, 1901, p. 131, in a paper by Ch. H. Breck, headed "Shakespeare and the Market," I read, to my great surprise, that "the great Jahrbuch of the German Shakespeare Society has ceased publication," kindly let your readers know that this is by no means true. On the contrary, the Jahrbuch has increased in volume and the German Shakespeare Society in members, so that we are more numerous now than ever since the foundation of the Society in 1864. I am just seeing the last sheets of the Jahrbuch for 1901 through the press; and, in order to give the German Shakespeare students systematic direction, the Society has begun to offer prizes for certain themes most worthy of treatment. The first prize (£40) will be awarded at this year's annual meeting in Weimar on April 23.—I am, &c.,

PROF. A. BRANDL,

Vice-President of the German Shakespeare Society and co-Editor of the Jahrbuch.

Gray or Grey.

SIR,—The reasons for sometimes employing an *a*, at other times an *e*, in spelling this word are so clearly set forth in a little work by H. C. Standage, entitled *The Artist's Manual of Pigments*, that I hope you will allow me to give a brief extract from it: "Gray is a term used for a mixture of white and blue. Grey refers, amongst colour scientists, to a mixture made by white and black."—I am, &c.,

F. S. J. B.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 75 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best comprehensive literary portrait of a man or woman not exceeding 250 words, taken from a biographical work or a history.

A feature of the results is a great "run" on the works of Carlyle. Among historians Froude, Green, Macaulay, and Clarendon are laid under contribution by many competitors.

Opinions must necessarily differ on the relative merits of portraits sketched by writers of such eminence, and it is probable that the judgment in such case would vary with the judge. We have, however, to consult only our own judgment, and this leads us to divide the prize among three competitors who have selected Thomas Carlyle's portrait of Coleridge in his *Life of Sterling*. They are:—Mr. Ernest A. Baker, Midland Railway Institute, Derby; Mr. H. M. Green, 39, Oakfield-road, Stroud Green, N.; Mr. George Herbert Watson, 5, Gnoll-park-road, Neath, S. Wales.

The extract is as follows:

COLERIDGE.

The good man, he was now getting old, towards sixty perhaps; and gave you the idea of a life that had been full of sufferings; a life heavy-laden, half-vanquished, still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment. Brow and head were round, and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute; expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent and stooping attitude; in walking, he rather shuffled than decisively stepped; and a lady once remarked, he never could fix which side of the garden walk would suit him best, but continually shifted, in corkscrew fashion, and kept trying both. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring, and surely much-suffering man. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and sing-song; he spoke as if preaching,—you would have said, preaching earnestly, and also hopelessly, the weightiest things. I still recollect his "object" and "subject," terms of continual recurrence in the Kantian province; and how he sang and snuffed them into "om-m-mject" and "sum-m-mject" with a kind of solemn shake or quaver, as he rolled along. No talk, in his century or in any other, could be more surprising.

Other selections are as follows:

EDWARD THE FIRST.

He was in the truest sense a national king. At the moment when the last trace of foreign conquest passed away, when the descendants of those who won and those who lost at Senlac blended for ever into an English people, England saw in her ruler no stranger, but an Englishman. The national tradition returned in more than the golden hair or the English name which linked him to our earlier kings. Edward's very temper was English to the core. In good as in evil he stands out as the typical representative of the race he ruled, like them wilful and imperious, tenacious of his rights, indomitable in his pride, dogged, stubborn, slow of apprehension, narrow in sympathy, but like them, too, just in the main, unselfish, laborious, conscientious, haughtily observant of truth and self-respect, temperate, reverent of duty, religious. He inherited, indeed, from the Angevins their fierce and passionate wrath; his punishments, when he punished in anger, were without pity; and a priest, who ventured at a moment of storm into his presence with a remonstrance, dropped dead from sheer fright at his feet. But for the most part his impulses were generous, trustful, averse from cruelty, prone to forgiveness. "No man ever asked mercy of me," he said in his old age, "and was refused."—From Green's *History of the English People*.

[A. A. B., West Bromwich.]

SIR H. H. KITCHENER.

Major-General Sir Horatio Herbert Kitchener is forty-eight years old by the book; but that is irrelevant. He stands several inches over six feet, straight as a lance, and looks out imperiously above most men's heads; his motions are deliberate and strong; slender, but firmly knitted, he seems built for tireless, steel-wire endurance rather than for power or agility: that also is irrelevant. Steady, passionless eyes, shaded by decisive brows, brick-red rather full cheeks, a long moustache beneath which you divine an immovable mouth; his face is harsh, and neither appeals for affection nor stirs dislike. All this is irrelevant, too, neither age, nor figure, nor face, nor any accident, or person, has any bearing on the essential Sirdar. You could imagine the character just the same as if all the externals were different. He has no age but the prime of life, no body but one to carry his mind, no face but one to keep his brain behind. The brain and the will are the essence and the whole of the man—a brain and a will so perfect in their workings that, in the face of

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